The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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R. B. Hayes has just been drawn as a juror in the U. S. Court. This will weaken our confidence in the jury wheel.

The Young Men's Democratic Association of Philadelphia have decided, by a vote of 43 to 23, that Sam Josephs is not a fit man for the position of U. S. Marshal, and have forwarded their resolution to President Cleveland. That association is not far wrong.

A big strike is threatened in Ohio. John H. McBride, president of the Miners' state association, says that the Tuscarawas district miners will soon strike. They think the proposed reduction will make wages too low to afford a living. Twenty-three thousand miners and 700 other employes in the district will be made idle.

President Cleveland's cabinet was confirmed on March 8th. The administration has been in existence, therefore, about two months. In that brief time there have been 1,643 appointments made—more than 27 for every day, including Sundays. That certainly shows great industry and is an evidence of very hard work; for Mr. Cleveland insists that the men appointed shall be known to be capable and honest.

Governor Pattison indicates a firm purpose to keep the expenditures of the Government within the revenues, even if he should be obliged to resort to a liberal exercise of the veto power, says a Harrisburg telegram. The Governor is keeping a sharp eye on numerous appropriations and tax reduction bills, and it is safe to say he will put his official foot down on all of them. According to the calculation of the Governor, the appropriation bills now on the calendar, if they become laws, would take from the treasury $7,300,000 a year, while the revenues from all the sources of taxation are estimated at $6,200,000. The receipts at the treasury, on the other hand, would be reduced about one million dollars.

The crop statistican has official reports from all states as far east as Pennsylvania and New York, west to Nebraska and California and south to Georgia and Tennessee. They show the winter wheat crop to be in a very unpromising condition. Thousands of acres in large winter wheat producing states have been plowed up and sown to oats and other grains. The loss by "winter killing" in winter wheat states is the greatest ever known. The spring wheat states, from Iowa to Wisconsin and Dakota, the area is decreased from last year. The season is unusually backward, and unless we have a very favorable summer the yield of spring wheat will fall much below that of last year.

INSURANCE AGENTS.

Cases are constantly coming before the supreme court involving disputed questions arising out of insurances effected by agents who represent both the company and the insured. An important one of this kind was that of Wm. Nassauer vs. the Susquehanna mutual fire insurance company, in which an elaborate opinion has just been filed by Justice Paxon. The facts of the case were as follows: Nassauer took out a policy of insurance in his company on his household furniture for $1200. After the destruction of the property by fire the company set up a dual defense. First, that the property had been largely overvalued, and secondly, that the encumbrances had been placed upon it subsequent to the insurance without the company's consent, an act in direct violation to the provisions of the policy. This provision of the policy is framed because the greater the incumbrance the less interest the owner has in preventing the destruction of the property. In answer to this defense the plaintiff showed that he was an ignorant German, unable to read the English language, and then he offered to prove that the company's agent had filled up the application and had placed his own valuation on the property. This was ruled out by the court of common pleas of Northampton county, and the judge instructed the jury to find for the defendant. A writ of error was taken to the supreme court, where Justice Paxson filed an opinion affirming the judgment of the court below upon the two grounds set up by the company by the way of defense. The justice holds that the placing of encumbrances on the property subsequent to the date of the policy and the overvaluation of the property were both known to the insured, therefore they were plain violations of the provisions of the policy. The justice takes occasion, however, to state emphatically that the company's agent was not the agent of the insured in filling up and forwarding to the company the application.

A TEMPERANCE VICTORY IN THE HOUSE.

On 6th instant the House reconsidered the vote by which the joint resolution to abolish the poll tax qualification was defeated, on 5th, and followed up the action by passing the measure by a vote of 107 yeas to 32 nays.

A contest was immediately begun on the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, which consumed the remainder of the session. Mr. Redding, Republican, moved that the vote be reconsidered by which the clause providing for the reimbursement of dealers in liquor for losses was made part of the first section. Mr. Hulings, Republican, opened the discussion by making an ingenous appeal to the Republicans to grant to the people their wishes to have the question of liquor prohibition submitted to the voters of the State. He did not presume to speak for his party, but it had always been abreast of public sentiment. Mr. Crawford, Democrat, was opposed to the plan of wiping out a business which had been legalized without compensation for losses sustained. Mr. Mackin, Democrat, declared against prohibition, high license and all sumptuary legislation and charged the Republicans with insincerely favoring temperance laws and joining hands with liquor men for political purposes. Mr. Isenberg, Republican, of Huntingdon, reminded Mackin that the Governor had spoken of the unrestricted sale of liquor prevailing as a great evil.

"Oh, he's only a young gentleman; he hasn't had the experience," was Mackin's reply.

Mr. Robertson, Republican, of Allegheny, said it was a question of labor with him. If the proposed amendment was adopted 200,000 men would be thrown out of employment. Mr. Faunce, Democrat, took the ground that if business was destroyed by legislation proper compensation should be provided. Mr. Schnatterly, Democrat, discouraged the submission of the amendments to the people.

After two hours debate the motion to reconsider was defeated by a vote of 87 yeas to 98 nays. Brooks, Ridge and Vogdes were the only Philadelphia members who sustained the effort to get rid of the reimbursement clause. All others except McCollough, who was absent, voted against it. But one member from Allegheny county supported the motion to reconsider. The first section of the joint resolution which contained the compensation feature was defeated—yeas 74, nays 103. Of the Philadelphians Betts, Connell, Dearen, Haspel, McAvoy, Penrose, Robinson, Stewart, Thomas and Vodges voted in the affirmative. McCullough and Ernst were absent. Four Allegheny members, including Speaker Graham, voted for the section.

The unexpectedly large vote against prohibitory legislation with incidental compensation for losses by dealers in liquors inspired the opponents of the joint resolution with confidence that they could kill the measure for the session. The means adopted was a motion to reconsider the last vote, made by Crawford and seconded by Donahue. Crawford made an appeal to the opponents of the proposed constitutional amendment to vote against his proposition, the defeat of which would prevent the joint resolution from being again considered during the session. Many of the members who had voted against the first section because of the rider attached to it supported the motion to reconsider and assisted in carrying it, to the intense disgust of the enemies of the proposed legislation. The yeas were 92 and the nays 87. The prohibitionists were wild with delight and made the hall ring with the clapping of hands.

Mr. Hulings moved to postpone the consideration of the bill for the present and Crawford moved to lay that motion on the table. Pending a vote the House adjourned, leaving the entire question just where it was taken up.

The murder of eight people in one day by one man, in New Mexico, the other day, caps the climax of crime. At Bonito, Martin Nelson, who was occupying a room in the house of M. S. Maybury with Dr. Wm. H. Flinn, late of Boston, arose from his bed and while committing a robbery in the house shot and killed Dr. Flinn. The firing having aroused the family, Nelson then shot and killed Mr. Maybury, his wife and two sons. He also fatally wounded a little daughter of Mr. Maybury. A neighbor being alarmed came to the house and he, too, was shot dead. It was supposed that the murderer had remained in the house and ten citizens watched it to prevent his escape. At 7 o'clock a. m. the guard were surprised by a shot from the rear, which killed H. Beck, one of them. Nelson then came down street firing his Winchester, but he was finally shot dead. Nelson when sane was an orderly citizen. He came to Bonito from Nebraska four years ago.

M'CLELLAN AND STANTON.

We print elsewhere interesting extracts from General McClellan's *Century* paper on the Peninsula campaign of '62. He makes plain its disastrous results was due more to the indifference of Secretary Stanton with the movements of the army than to the operation of the Confederates. Not only that, it is shown that Stanton, in an underhand and treacherous way, was a most malignant enemy of the Union General, and brought about serious disagreements between McClellan and President Lincoln. When McClellan had fairly entered the Peninsula campaign, he advised that the James river should be made the base of operations, preferring the southern bank. This was after the Merrimac had been destroyed, and the river was open to naval co-operation. But the plan was changed from Washington, by order of Stanton, and the right of McClellan's army was extended to the north of Richmond, with the assurance McDowell's corps would advance from Fredericksburg to join it. McDowell failed at the critical time, caused by Stanton's continued interference, and then came the sweep of Stonewall Jackson on McClellan's right, the Seven Days' battles, and McClellan's brilliant and skillful flank march to the banks of the James, which placed the army of the Potomac on its true line of operations, with its trains and its war material snbstantially intact, and the troops flushed and inspirited by the brilliant victory at Malvern Hill. This was the base of operations Grant secured two years later at such fearful cost. But again Stanton interfered, and the army was transferred from the James to the Potomac, against McClellan's "earnest remonstrances." Pope's disastrous campaign followed. No wonder a scape-goat for such fearful blundering was sought in Fitz John Porter. "The army of the Potomac," says Gen. McClellan, in conclusion, "was accordingly withdrawn, and it was not until two years later that it found itself under its last commander at substantially the same point on the bank of the James. It was as evident in 1862 as in 1865 that it was on the bank of the James that the fate of the Union was to be decided." But in the interval came Pope's blundering and bloody work, Antietam, Gettysburg, and Grant's campaign in the Wilderness to reach a base on the James, in which he lost more men than Lee had in his army at the outset.

Gen. McClellan's statement of the Union and Confederate losses during the "Seven Days" from June 25 to July 2, shows the enemy lost more in killed and wounded in these fiercely contested battles than the army of the Potomac in killed, wounded and missing. The figures are interesting—the Confederates lost 2,823 killed, 13,703 wounded and 3,223 missing, or a total of 19,749, while the Union army lost 1,734 killed, 8,062 wounded, and 6,053 missing, or a total of 15,849.

If this paper of Gen. McClellan's on a campaign that has created great controversy is a foretaste of the more extended work he has in preparation, to be published one of these days, the American people have before them disclosures that will open their eyes to the true history of the war, and especially the responsibility of Stanton for its prolongation, and for reverses more serious than anything the Confederates were able to bring about. Is it not a supposable case that Gen. McClellan makes a single statement in a matter of such vital historic importance he is not fully prepared to substantiate if challenged.

The Philad. *Times*, commenting upon the present epidemic in Plymouth, Luzerne county, says it is attributable to the water, and warns the people of villages throughout the state to look after their wells and springs. If cholera and other diseases are invited by the use of bad water, offensive to taste and smell, the city of Philadelphia ought to be the first to feel it, for worse water is not used in any town or city in the United States, and yet its inhabitants are comparatively healthy. The fever which has decimated Plymouth must be charged to defective sewerage, and not to water alone.

In this regard Centre Hall is more fortunate—we have the purest and best water in the world, yet some folks don't seem to be satisfied. The health of our town is owing to its pure air and pure water, and these are beyond any price.

The Lancaster county Commissioners have offered $1000 reward for the capture of the outlaw, Abe Buzzard. It is believed this reward will stimulate trained detectives to undertake the capture or that the cupidity of some of the gang may be relied on to betray their chief. As Buzzard has very recently shown himself armed and determined bloody work may soon be reported from the hill in which he makes his haunts.

Fire has destroyed 89 houses in Skanoer, Sweeden, rendering homeless 100 families.

Fighting the State College simply for spite is not statesmanship. Years ago the institution was not properly managed and it lost favor with many on that account, and from this grew prejudices with some that no improvement or advances that the institution has since made have wiped out. Some people are constitutional haters of every thing not their own or that is not subject to their petty bossship, and the State College is among the things that some men must hate, right or wrong, else they are not happy.

We think the College under its present management has redeemed itself—or, to say the least, is on a fair way to redeem itself—and those who engage in throwing mud at it will find the dirty balls falling short. Now when the College is amounting to something and there is a corps of professors there who are making for it a name and building up for its students an education, it will gain the support and good wishes of all friends of education, in spite of those who would wreck the institution because they can't, and are not fit, to boss it.

We are glad to note that this leven of spite finds no encouragement in the legislature. It is the only institution, state institution, that Centre county boasts of, and may never have another and for our people to fight it blindly shows a lack of appreciation of that which any other county in the state would be glad of and proud to have.

We believe in the College when properly managed. Its principal fund comes not from the state but from the general government which donated lands to all the states for the purpose of establishing agricultural colleges. We do not favor squandering state funds upon the institution—we always did oppose any thing of that kind and the institution is making no such demand. Cranks and one idea men have too limited a sphere to break down the State College, and it is swinging its way upward in spite of all efforts to pull it down.

We will be as ready as any one to expose any abuses that the management of the State College may be guilty of and we will be as ready to say a kind word in its favor when we see the management doing its utmost to make it a credit to the state. Narrow minded opposition and contracted ideas upon important subjects can not impede the car of progress in this age and opposition based upon spite never wrought wonders anywhere.

The Swindler appears in Sugar Valley this time. The Lock Haven *Democrat* gives this account of him:

A few days ago a man whose name is not known went to Mr. H. M. Swenk, of Sugar Valley, and asked permission to erect a corn mill on his property in the valley. Mr. Swenk was disposed to grant the privilege and the understanding between him and the stranger was satisfactory and clear. Before leaving to get the machinery (as the stranger represented) he asked Mr. Swenk to write his name on a postal card in order that he might have his name should he have occasion to write to him. A day or two ago another stranger appeared with a note written on a postal card signed by Mr. Swenk. It was the postal Mr. Swenk had signed. The note had been written above his name. Mr. Swenk was informed it had been given in payment for corn mill machinery and he was, we are told, frightened into its payment. Of course he has seen nothing of the machinery and probably will not.

A similar trick was played on Mr Wagner of the same valley not long ago, the only difference being he forced the fellows to deliver the machinery, which proved to be comparatively worthless when it came.

The Anglo-Russian situation continues to be enveloped in a cloud of uncertainty. It is impossible to predict what a day may bring forth. No sooner had people begun to be reconciled to the idea of the submission of the difficulty to arbitration than reports begin to prevail questioning the probability of there being any arbitration after all the talk as to the great things it was about to accomplish. To-night no one professes to understand what the precise condition of the negotiations with Russia may be. The average Englishman finds it difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to disabuse himself of the feeling that whatever Gladstone and Earl Granville may say to the country the Russian diplomatists are getting the better of the British. Every delay in the negotiations has redounded to Russia's advantage. While the Ministers have been talking the Russian railway has been actively pushed toward the Afghan frontier and the Russian troops have seized debatable territory. These are facts and the average Briton grows impatient when the attempt is made to belittle their importance or obscure them with a cloud of words. The position of affairs is so involved in uncertainty and doubt as to create a general feeling of insecurity.

We hear of one of our farmer friends in the Tuscarora valley being victimized by one of a heard of sharpers who infest the country. His name was secured to a card by the sharper merely for the purpose of remembering it, and it turned out that he had signed a contract to take machinery to the amount of nearly $200. In a short time thereafter sharper No. 2 out in an appearance and by threats persuades the farmer to sign a note for the amount asked for the machine. This is another warning against signing any paper or card for a stranger under any pretense.—Port Royal *Times*.

A ROW OF FACTORY BUILDING IN BROOKLYN BURNED.

Over Thirty Persons Reported Dead or Among the Missing.

New York, May 5.—At about 9:20 this morning an alarm was sent out for the South Ferry station, Brooklyn. Within half an hour after there were four alarms and two special calls, which hurried 18 fire companies to a scene of a disaster. Fronting 200 feet on State street is a building known as the "State street machine shop," but it is in fact a portion of a series of irregular but connected buildings which occupy most of the space of the interior of the block bounded.

When the firemen got to the Atlantic avenue entrance they found all the interior buildings in flames, and that the westerly wall of the five story building had fallen out and carried the extensions of the tenements fronting on Atlantic avenue and directly west of the gateway. The utmost excitement prevailed and the most exaggerated rumors were afloat as to the damage and loss of life. Simultaneous with the alarms which were sent out by Chief Engineer Nevins, calls were telegraphed for the ambulances. When the excitement subdued somewhat the conflicting rumors shaped themselves into this one fact, that some workmen were engaged in putting a new girder under the west end wall. Several jacks were employed. One had been screwed up so high that the others bore no weight, and upon the fact discovered the foreman ordered the jack in question to be eased down. It was while the men were engaged in this that the westerly wall gave way and fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it about one-third of the westerly end of the building; Flames bursted forth, the buildin gbeing soap works and a tin factory where furnaces were freely used, and the walls falling upon the extensions of the dwellings on Atlantic avenue, crushed them like so many egg shells, the cooking stoves, gathering their burning coals among the debris started flames among the tenements. The houses damaged by fire in this manner number from 49 to 53 on Atlantic avenue.

In the different manufacturing places in the buildings there were seven hundred people.

In the New York Tin Company's employ there were 30 or 40 girls, and whether all escaped is a question which cannot be solved. Some of them were seen shrieking wildly upon the iron fire escape of the fourth floor, where the tin factory was located. The flames seemed to leap from floor to floor, and from building to building. Within an hour the whole mass of the structures was in ruins with the exception of No. 7, which fronts of Columbia street, but which was thoroughly gutted. The fire extended to the buildings that fronted State street. The buildings went to pieces like houses of cards. The crash of falling walls and floors, the vast clouds of smoke, dust and steam, the spires of flames that shot from crumbling ruins, gave terror to the spectacle, and the general excitement grew into a panic when it was reported that several employes had been crushed and burned to death.

While the excitement was in its highest four explosions were heard in quick succession. The four engine boilers under the State street sidewalk had burst. Many employes lived in the immediate neighborhood, and their friends and relatives were quickly on the ground, in a state of wild alarm. Truck No. 1 turned into State street immediately on reaching the scene, and the foreman Daniel Garrity was appealed to to save a couple of girls who were said to have been seen at one of the windows of the fourth floor. He cried: "My God, if there are any people up there they are lost. The whole building is one fire."

OTTER'S BATTLE WITH INDIANS.

One Hundred and Twenty-Five Indians Killed.

Battleford, May 8.—Colonel Otter has not yet decided on his plans for future attack on Poundmaker's reinforcements. The scouts sent out to reconnoitre the Indian position returned to-day and reported them still at Cut Knive Hill, where Saturday's engagement was fought. It is believed their loss must have been heavy, or they would have followed up. It is not known whether Big Bear has joined Poundmaker. The wounded are keeping well in comfortable quarters with the best of attendance. It is reported that a letter has been received in the camp from a priest on Poundmaker's reserve, stating that the Indian loss on Saturday was 125. Two seven-pounders became disabled through the attacks breaking down during the engagement and caused the withdrawal. Before that time the enemy was nearly silenced. The troops retired in perfect order and were well covered by a perfect piece of generalship. The fight lasted seven hours. The men had no sleep the night before and no breakfast. Several fell asleep while lying on the skirmishing line, when the enemy had been silenced for some time.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN SUGAR VALLEY.

Yesterday morning the comfortable home of Maj. Wm. Purman, in Sugar Valley, was wiped out of existence by fire. The family had been absent in Washington city spending the winter, and just returned this week. Before going into the house it underwent the "house cleaning" process and to aid in drying up the floors and woodwork generally a fire was built in one of the stoves. While the family was absent taking dinner at the residence of Mrs. Purman's father, the house caught fire and was totally destroyed. The supposition is that it caught in the flue. The building was a large frame one and very good. It belongs to the Lock Haven Building and Loan Association. The loss is not exactly known, the insurance is $1,000.

Fortunately for Mr. Purman, none of his household goods were in the building at the time.—Lock Haven *Democrat*, 9th inst.

CHARRED FLESH AND BONES.

The Ghastly Work Among the Ruins of the Brooklyn Fire.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 7.—The first thing found this morning in the roins of the terrible catastrophe on Monday in South Brooklyn were two small fragments of human flesh. Almost the first spadeful of ashes that was dug up bore its fruit.

A piece of livid flesh was scraped by the blade of the tool, and laid bare to sight. A few moments later and a small piece of flesh in which the veins and nerves were visible was uncovered and laid beside the first.

Superintendent Goff said: "I called at police headquarters and was told that there were still seven bodies missing."

The doctors who have examined the shapeless, black portions of human bodies taken from the ruins reported this morning that all of fourteen persons are thus represented. The number of persons reported missing up to 11 a. m. to day was 21. Of the dead the bodies of Henry Durst, Adolph Mattes, Fred Eggar and Edward Butler have been positively identified and men who worked in Wm. Durst's shop say that Henry Haffner is undoubtedly among the unrecognizable bodies exhumed yesterday. It is the generally believed that 21 does not cover all the victims of the calamity, and that when other parts of the ruins are searched more bodies, including those of several young girls, will be found. The place where the dead have been found is in the rear portion of the west extension, where the floors fell in, and the men in Durst's shop were buried in the wreck before the fire occurred. All the injured persons, including Mrs. Haas and her daughter Emma, and doing well, and will probably recover.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

The Republicans Secure Control of the Illinois Legislature, and Logan Says He is Sure of Election.

Springfield, Ill., May 7.—To the surprise of everybody, irrespective of party, returns from yesterdry's special election in the 34th Legislative district, for a successor to Mr. Shaw, Democrat, deceased, indicate the election of J. W. Weaver, Republican candidate. The district has been regarded as one of the rock-ribbed Democratic districts of Illinois. Nobody expected that the Republicans stood a ghost of a chance of electing Shaw's successor, and the result is as complete a surprise to them as it is to the Democracy. Latest returns point to a majority in the district for Weaver, Republican, over Leeper, Democrat, of 200, and the Democratic leaders have conceded his election.

This breaks the tie in the House, makes the election of a Republican U. S. Senator certain, and of course kills the ambition of Morrison. The Republican campaign was well planned and cleverly executed. Gen. Logan, "Long" Jones, Jake Wheeler and Dan Shepard laid the wires. A still hunt was the order of the day. Logan and his lieutenants surmised that by pretending to make no contest their opponents might be lulled into a sense of security, and the victory achieved by stratagem. The work was energetically but secretly done, and not until yesterday afternoon did the Democrats suspect that a pit had been dug for them. Indeed, many of them believed that the Republicans had made no nomination, and that the election was a mere purfunctory affair. Late in the afternoon the Republicans flocked to the polls, and the Democrats had lost the battle before they became aware of their danger.

HORRORS OF THE SOUDAN.

How the British Soldiers Stationed There are Suffering.

London, May 7.—The public are beginning now to learn the truth about the Soudan, as the correspondents are returning beyond the reach of the censorship of the press, excercised by Lord Wolseley at the front. Charles Williams, the special correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle," who reached here a few days ago and left again for Afghanistan, has shown in a magazine article that the loss of General Gordon was entirely due to the inexcusable dawdling of the military and the ignorance of Sir Charles Wilson, commanding the advance forces, who, he says, had no more notion of what should be done than a bugler.

Wilfred Blunt's questions to the Government have not been answered. He asks, "did not the English troops cut the palm trees and burn the water wheels to fill up the wells and then offer a reward for every human hand brought to camp and fifty rounds for Olivier Pain alive or dead; and did they not force the laborers under the lash to destroy the wells against the rules of the Arabs' warfare?" Nobody answers. He asserts that the tribes were set in a permanent feud. The whole country was corrupted by English money and the land positively left in a famine. Officers now at the front are writing to the newspaper correspondents begging them "for God's sake" to tell the people at home what they are suffering. Accounts of incredible horrors on the battle fields are appearing. One officer writes: "In a few weeks more we shall all be lunatics."

Suakim, May 7.—General Wolseley reviewed the troops to-day and praised the Australian artillery and the Sikhs (Indian) regiment. He promised to present a sword to a native officer for gallant conduct.

GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO LUMBER YARDS.

Chicago, May 8.—Shortly after noon to-day a spark from a passing locomotive engine set fire in the heart of the great pine lumber yard district, which lies along both sides of the Chicago river, and near the southwestern city limits. A heavy rain during most of the afternoon was of material assistance. The entire area burned over is 890 by 2,350 feet. The aggregate lumber destroyed was 45,000,000 feet, valued at $700,000.

THE VIOLETS SHE SENT.

What came you from her bow'r to bring,
You blue-eyed messengers of spring?
Did you not come my soul to greet
With breathings of her spirit sweet?

You bloomed, I trow, upon her breast,
To typify her charms confessed,
And caught when in that fair, pure goal,
The fragrant incense of her soul.

Your modest faces can but tell;
They touch me with the subtle spell
Born of her presence—for there lies
Her nature in your tender eyes.

I know, too, on her yielding lips
Sweet touches of her finger tips;
And in each touch, most deftly blent,
The message of a kiss is sent!

Then welcome, guests, from fairest shrine!
You fill my heart with glad sunshine,
And shed in this drear room the grace
Of her who wears the flow'ret's face.

BRAVE LITTLE TRUDE.

Gertrude May is my sistor in-law, a bright little fairy of 19, with a pair of eyes like stars, and a merry, thrifty way about her calculated to make a man forget that this is a hard work-a-day world, full of vexation and disappointment.

When Annie and I were married we took Gertrude to live with us; I could not bear the thought of the lovely girl going to meet the world in some mental occupation, and Annie was thankful to have her sister with her.

Gertrude—'Trude" we always called the dear child—paid her way, I assure you.

After the birth of our baby Grace she took the entire management of the household upon her young shoulders, and though we never kept a servant my wife scarcely knew what it was to have a care in the world.

So we went on for a couple of years as happy as birds in a nest, making much of the blessings we had, thinking little or nothing of our privations.

Alas, I never dreamed that the first reverse would come to us through me.

"Yet was I to be blamed?"

Ever a hard worker, one particularly hot summer I had double duty to perform at the bank, and I had over-tasked my ability.

I remember falling with a dull crash beneath my desk one day, and it was weeks ere I was conscious that I lay at home in my own bed, carefully tended by Annie and Trude.

I had been stricken down with brain fever, and the doctor said the struggle back to health and strength would be long and serious, for my system was wholly debilitated by overwork.

After about six weeks, and I had been declared out of danger, I awoke one evening, after taking a long nap to find the room deep in twilight and very silent.

I lay some time in a drowsy state, when suddenly I was aroused by the unmistakable sound of a sob close by me, followed by the low, earnest voice of Trude.

"Don't cry, Annie, dear," she said soothingly, "you'll wake him."

"Oh, but, Trude, what are we to do?" faltered my wife.

"We shall pull through all right, dear, never fear!" was the brave reply.

"But every cent of the money is gone! There's a month's rent due and no end of little outstanding bills. Besides the doctor won't be coming much longer, and then, of course there'll be his bill!"

Heaven help me! her words almost killed me!

But even then little Trude was equal to the occasion.

"We must make some money Annie," she said firmly.

"How?" in despair.

"It is the height of the blackberry season, and the fruit is unusually fine. I shall go out at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning, pick several quarts, and sell every one of them at the hotels before noon. I shall do the same as long as the berries last; you will then see whether we can make a little money or not!"

I could have arisen and fallen at her feet in worship of her heroism; but poor Annie took life more seriously, she seemed proof against Trude's hopefulness.

"Oh, that could never succeed," she sighed.

"Well, I'm going to try, anyway!" was the undaunted rejoinder.

After a short pause Annie said, suddenly:

"Trude, we are in a desperate strait; why couldn't you write to Gerald Dayton and ask him to lend us some money?"

"Annie!"

"Well, he was in love with you before mother died; he is very rich, and I'm positive you would have been his wife to day if you had let him ask you; so why ——"

"Oh, hush! hush!" Gertie cried. "Not a word more of that! Let me have my own way. Believe me, I shall succeed."

About 10 o'clock on the following morning Annie came to me, all dressed up in her best, and, in a nervous way, asked me if I could spare her for a couple of hours to go into the village with Trude.

I knew in an instant the blackberries had been picked and that the dear girls were going together to try their fortune.

Rather than distress Annie by letting her know that I had overheard their conversation of the preceding evening, I answered her that I was perfectly comfortable and urged her going.

As they went down the garden path I crept to the window and looked after them,

Through the scalding tears that gathered before my eyes like film I saw Trude with a large basket upon each arm, while my poor little wife followed her with the baby in her arms.

God only knows what I suffered those two hours.

I had fallen into a light sleep from sheer misery and exhaustion when I was awakened by the entrance of Annie.

Her face was as radiant as an angel's. She put the baby down beside me and kissed me as though she had not seen me for ten years.

"Oh, what do you think!" she cried. "Who do you suppose is in the parlor with Trude?"

I made a very shrewd guess.

"Gerald Dayton," I said.

"Yes!" exclaimed Annie, "Trude went to town to sell some blackberries, and at the very first hotel we came to, who should see her but Mr. Dayton. He took her to task then and there for not letting him know where she had gone to after mother died, and I'm sure before he leaves this house he'll ask her to marry him!"

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when dear little Trude entered the room, looking like a blush rose in full bloom, and followed by Mr. Gerald Dayton,

I had seen the young gentleman two years before, when I was courting my Annie, and, though I knew him to be a decided 'swell' I always thought him an exceedingly fine fellow.

After the first salutations were over Trude said to me:

Mr. Dayton doubts my assertion that I sent him my address when we moved out here. Don't you remember that winter morning that I gave you a note for him?"

I was obliged to confess that I did not remember the occurrence.

"Ah! you little traitor!" laughed Gerald Dayton.

In the meantime my wife had gone to the closet, brought out my winter overcoat, and produced from one of its pockets a yellow, crumbled note addressed to Mr. G. Dayton. Oh, how they laughed at me then, and Gerald said:

"Now you must atone for your shameful neglect sir, by giving me your sister-in-law as my wife. And, as exchange is no robbery, I will give you this house and land, being both mine, together with all the rents you have paid for it in two years you have been here. Come, what do you say?"

"It is for Trude to say," I answered, taking her little berry-stained hands in mine.

She laughed just as a bird trills, and said with a sly blush:

"I'm sure I'm agreeable, and should have been two years ago, if you had—had asked me!"

In a fortnight I was a well man and back at the bank.

Booth's Reading of the Lord's Prayer.

Regarding the story of the elder Booth reciting the Lord's Prayer in a manner that threw a company of clergymen into hysterics, the *Congregationalist*, in lately republishing it "by request," remarked that it was authentic, Henry Irving was shown the clipping and asked if he believed that any actor ever lived capable of exciting, by a simple recital of the Lord's Prayer, such emotion as was described. "I am bound to say that I don't," he replied. "It is quite incredible. There isn't any such amount of inspiration in acting or impressibility in an audience. Besides, the matter recited was extremely familiar to the ministers, and that fact would make the task of stirring them with it all the more difficult. If a recitation is to make anybody weep, it must present a picture of woe or tell a moving story. The Lord's Prayer, recited as an elocutionist's exploit, could not possibly serve that purpose: and I should be inclined to think that a sense of sacrilege might easily be the feeling that it would excite in pious minds. At all events, were I the greatest actor on earth, I should not care to undertake the feat." Commenting on this matter, the Baltimore *American* declares that Booth's relatives and intimate friends have pronounced the story absurd.

London—Paris.

The pneumatic tube for the transmission of mails between London and Paris is, if laid, to be put down alongside the railway tracks. The distance is: Paris to Calais 184.5 miles; Calais to Dover by water 24.2 miles, and Dover to London 86.3 miles, a total of 296 miles. The pneumatic subway would be constructed of cast-iron pipes of 15.3 inches in diameter and 13-foot lengths, connected by means of India rubber joints. The carriage suggested is composed of a wire frame covered by a sheet of asbestos cloth with a metallic warp. This covering would have a kind of metallic brush coating, to enable the compressed air to dilate to a certain extent around the truck and cool the latter, thus counteracting the heat produced by the friction. The truck would travel the distance between the two capitals in one hour, and a truck could be dispatched every ten minutes. An engine of from 20 to 30 horse-power would be sufficient to produce the required vacuum.

5,000 Cremationists.

There is not much of Kate Field, physically. She is short and slender. A more mentally versatile woman never lived; and it is not more than fair to truth, to qualify that compliment by adding that, by dividing her ability among many things, she excels at none. She is something of a writer, something of a singer, something of an actress, something of a lecturer, and something of a fashion expert. Her face is not beautiful, though pleasing in that feminine delicacy which we ungallantly don't look for in women of publicity. Kate is rather captivating to her own sex, and when she came back from England, a few years ago, with a scheme for a co-operative dry goods store, she only had to make a talkative round in fashionable circles to sell all the stock that was requisite for the enterprise. The sheriff soon closed the store, and it is still an unsettled question whether the losses are to be assessed upon the stockholders.

"Where is Miss Field now?" I asked of a mutual acquaintance.

"On a Western tour, I belive," was the reply; "when I last saw her she was getting measured for an urn."

"Is that something new to wear?"

"It is something to put yourself into after you are done living, to hold your ashes after you have been cremated. Kate is an advocate of incineration in place of interment. She was ordering a handsome urn, in which to repose ornamentally."

"But you said she was being measured for it. Do you mean that she will preserve her shapeliness when reduced to ashes?"

"Oh, no; she wanted to get an urn no larger than would be necessary. So she had made a careful calculation, based on her own weight and the data gained from cremation at the Washington crematory, as to the size of receptacle that her remains would require. She has exquisite taste in art, and was taking great pains in the matter of the urn."

With my mind thus awakened to interest in the subject, I went to President J. B. Brown, of the United States cremation society, for information. No small urn is likely to accommodate him. He is portly and solid. He is not enough of a visionary theorist to hinder him as practical manager of a manufacturing company. He has two hobbies. One is the burial of grass and other food for farm stock, on the ensilage plan of preservation in a green state, and the other is the non-burial of human bodies. He is eager to talk about both, and I found it difficult to keep him from mixing the diverse and yet analogous topics. I asked him how many Americans were pledged to have their bodies burned.

"About five thousand," he replied. "There is as yet only one crematory in the country—the one at Washington, Pa.; but we have a plan drawn for another here in New York, and they are raising the money to build it. Fifteen thousand dollars have been subscribed, and we will begin as soon as we get ten thousand more. The building will, besides the furnace, contain a room for the resuscitation of persons who would otherwise be burned or buried alive; another for the keeping of bodies, by refrigerators, until the arrival of distant mourners who might wish to take part in funeral ceremonies, and a third in which any desired rites might be held."

Mr. Brown also told me that the principal opposition, inactive but immovable, was by Christians, and that their dislike of cremation arose from a belief in the doctrine, of resurrection. The hope of immortality, in its Christian form, seems to be inseparable from the idea of the restoration of the human body for eternity.

Caution to Fat Men.

Fat men resolutely bent on bringing down their weight should read the report of Dr. Vulpian on the causes of the digestive disturbance, which was the origin of the malady to which the Comte de Chambord succumbed. The Count, it must be remembered, was in his early days thrown from a horse, with the twofold result of laming him and destroying his nerve. He was unable in consequence either to walk or to ride, and having exhibted a taste and even a passion for hunting, he caused rides to be cut in the forest of Frohsdorf, along which, driven in a carriage, he was accustomed to purse his game. This, during the last few years of his life, was the only form in which he took exercise, and as a natural consequence he became inordinately stout. He had recourse to Bantingism, and the dietary system he adopted had the effect—as he first and Dr. Vulpian afterward believed—of bringing about the condition of stomach which at last killed him. "Some four or five years ago," says Dr. Vulpian's report, "the Count, urged by a desire to diminish his stoutness, submitted himself to the Banting system in all its rigor, and in a few months had lost nearly fifty pounds of his weight. This rapid emaciation had produced weakness, and at the same time, perhaps digestive troubles, and several people have told me that that was the case, and have even traced to the same date the first attacks of the malady." The immediate effects of severe Bantingism seem to have passed off, but later on the Count was twice attacked by acute indigestion, and was obliged to subject himself to severe treatment on each occasion.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

All that thou givest thou wilt carry away with thee.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

The world forgives with difficulty the fact that one can be happy without it.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

Clothes and company do oftentimes tell tales in a mute but significent language.

He who says what he likes, must expect sometimes to hear unpleasant things.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.

Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags.

The beggar is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearance.

Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

Even the worst of men may be "as good as his word," since his word is good for nothing.

Faith is letting down our nets into the untransparent deeps, not knowing what we shall take.

A man can frequently polish his boots with a better grace than he can polish his manner.

There is only one gate through which money can't purchase a passage, and that is "the gate ajar."

The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.

Life to a young man is like a new acquaintance, of whom he grows disgusted as he advances in years.

A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

Many a self-made man would have done better by himself had he let the contract out to somebody else.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

The conversation of most scholars with each other is nothing more than a mutual private, polite examination.

In company, wit creates, by dazzling, a gap and a darkness, while humor keeps up a steady and cheering light.

There are some people so eaten up with curiosity that they would turn a rainbow to see what color it's back is.

It is a sinecure which most of us are after—*i, e.*, a place in which there is nothing to do and large pay for doing it.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem in treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects.

If you have determined not to endure any of the troubles of this world you must make arrangements not to be born into it.

That man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun his composition.

Our great want in social life is a deep and wide sympathy. This is it which enables us to see with another's vision, and to appreciate another's instincts.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better by our living.

Good-breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

A charitable untruth, an uncharitable truth, and an unwise management of truth or love are all to be carefully avoided by him who would go with a right foot in the narrow way.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have the assembled world read.

The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere, nor that his action shall be resolute; he simply always abides in the right.

God is attracting our regard in and through all things. Every flower is a hint of His beauty, every grain of wheat is a token of His benificence: every atom of dust is a revelation of His power.

There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.

Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; rain and snow, wind and tides every change, every cause in nature is nothing but a disguised missionary.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

A narrow-minded man can never possess real and true generosity; he can never go beyond mere benevolence. If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

GREAT head, great head.—Fogg has got an idea at last and he says there's millions in it, as it meets a long-felt want. It is nothing less than a revolving house, which is to turn on a pivot, so that the best room shall always face the sun in winter, and be in the shade in summer.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—There was little change in the condition of ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen on the 24th. His pulse is growing slower, and his general condition weaker.

—Andrew Wylie, Justice of the Supreme Court of Columbia, on the 25th, sent his resignation to the President, to take effect on the appointment and qualification of his successor. Ex-Governor Bloxham, of Florida, "after mature consideration," has declined the mission to Bolivia.

—Isaac W. England, publisher of the New York *Sun*, died on the 25th, at his home, near Ridgewood, New Jersey, of dropsy of the heart. He was 53 years of age.

—In the joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 25th, "all the votes were scattering and of a complimentary character."

—General Grant was better on the 25th and quite cheerful in spirits. The weather prevented his usual drive.

—All the American troops were withdrawn from Panama on the 25th. Trouble was expected on the arrival of the Columbian troops, the insurgents being determined to act on the defense.

—A despatch from Clarke's Crossing received at Winnepeg on the 26th, reported that there had been no further fighting between Middleton's forces and those of Riel.

—A despatch from Plattsburg, New York, says there was a washout for several hundred feet on the Grand Trunk Railroad near La Prairie on the 26th. It will be several days before trains can run from St. John's to Montreal.

—General Henry J. Hunt, retired, was on the 25th appointed Governor of the Soldiers' Home at Washington, in place of Colonel Samuel D. Sturgis, of the Seventh Cavalry: and Captain Robert Catlin, retired, was appointed Deputy Governor in place of Captain W. Lyman, of the Fifth Infantry.

—A. U. Wyman, Treasurer of the United States, has resigned, his resignation to take effect on the 1st of May. His resignation is for the purpose of assuming positions in two financial institutions. C. N. Jordan, ex-cashier of the Third National Bank of New York, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Wyman.

—The office of the *Weekly Signal*, at Old Yakima, Washington Territory, was destroyed by a charge of dynamite placed under it on the 20th. It had been raised on jackscrews, ready for removal, and, it is presumed, the act was done to deter others from moving buildings from the old to the new town.

—Governor Cameron, of Virginia, states that he is unable to say what action he will take in the matter of calling an extra session of the Legislature to consider the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court upon the question of the State debt. He will take no action until he can procure and examine an official copy of the opinion of the Court

—General Grant's improvement continued on the 27th, and he took his usual drive, and his stroll to Madison avenue. It being the General's birthday, he was the recipient of immense quantities of floral tributes, and letters and telegrams of congratulations from all parts of the country North and South. Among the telegrams sent to the General was one from the Legislature of Illinois, signed by Speaker Haines, congratulating him upon his sixty-third birthday and expressing the satisfaction felt by the people of Illinois at the improved condition of his health. Meetings in compliment to General Grant's birthday were held on the 27th in Washington, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other cities. The Washington meeting was held in the Metropolitan Church. Senator Manderson presided and speeches were made by General Halbert E. Payne, Green B. Baum, W. W. Burdette and others. A letter from James G. Blaine was received couched in flattering terms.

—The large railway hospital of the Gould system at Fort Worth, Texas, was burned on the 26th. The patients, 32 in number, were removed safely. Loss, $35,000; insurance, $25,000.

—Forest fires are raging in the Dismal Swamp and along the Norfolk and Western Railroad, in Virginia.

—General Grant, on the 27th, furnished the following for publication: "To the various Army Posts, Societies, Cities, Public Schools, States, Corporations and Individuals, North and South, who have been so kind as to send me congratulations on my 63d birthday: I wish to offer my grateful acknowledgments. The despatches have been so numerous and so touching in tone, that it would have been impossible to answer them if I had been in perfect health. U. S. GRANT."

—The President has signified his intention of selecting the successor of John Russell Young, as Minister to China, from California.

—George H. Parker, a well-known lawyer of Iowa, has been appointed a special agent of the Treasury Department.

—It is understood in Washington that there is a difference of opinion between Lieutenant General Sheridan and the Secretary of War in regard to the authority of the former, and that the conflict is to be settled by an order from the President defining the limit of the authority of the Lieutenant General of the Army. It is thought the order will be issued this week.

—An election held in Princeton, New Jersey, on the 27th, to get the sense of the voters on the license question, resulted in the triumph of the license party.

—General Grant was reported stronger on the 28th, notwithstanding the excitement attending the celebration of his birthday on Monday. He took his usual drive at noon.

—Conrad Baker, ex-Governor of Indiana, died on the 28th, in Indianapolis, aged 68 years.

—An East bound freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was standing on a siding near Kinzer's on the 29th ult. Fireman Brown and brakeman Fisher alighted and stood on the west track. On account of the high wind they failed to hear an approaching train, and were both struck and instantly killed. Both men were from Columbia.

—The ice gorge opposite Quebec has been broken, and all the floating ice has passed down. No damage was done, and the ferry steamers were running on the 29th ult. A despatch from Montreal says the river there is subsiding rapidly. It is estimated that the damage done by the flood is $100,000.

—The President on the 29th, ult., made the following appointments: Charles L. Scott, of Alabama, to be Minister to Venezuela; Warren Green, of Kentucky, Consul-General at Kanagawa, Japan; John E. Bacon of South Carolina, Charge d'Affaires to Paraguay and Uruguay. To be Consuls—Berthold Greenbaum, of California, at Apaia; Albert Leoning, of New York, at Bremen; Joseph B. Hughes, of Ohio, at Birmingham, England; John H. Putnam, of Ohio, at Honolulu; Victor A. Sartori, of Pennsylvania, at Leghorn; Robert E. Withers, of Virginia, at Hong Kong; John S. Williams, of Indiana, to be Third Auditor of the Treasury Department. Of the above appointments perhaps the most significent is that of ex-U. S. Senator Withers, of Virginia, to be Consul at Hong Kong. He succeeds Colonel John S. Mosby, who was appointed by President Grant and has been retained since.

—The President has decided that in view of their distinguished services the following U. S. Consuls shall be retained: W. F. Grinnell, at Bradford, England; Lyell T. Adams, at Geneva; Samuel W. Dabney, at Fayal.

—The splendid new building erected for the Board of Trade of Chicago at a cost of $2,000,000, was dedicated on the 29th ult. An audience of about 5000 persons was present, including delegates from all the Exchanges in the United States, and also from England and Canada. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Clinton Locke.

—Rev. Joseph Graf, director of the musical department of the Cathedral at Baltimore, will sail for Rome on May 14th, to confer with the Church authorities there regarding the condition of ecclesiastical music in this country. He will take with him two copies of the famous Mass of Pope Marcellus, which he edited in modern form and which was produced at the Cathedral during the Plenary Council.

—A telegram from Panama dated on the 29th ult. says: "Everything is quiet here. The negotiations going on will, it is hoped, lead to the disbandment of General Aizpuree's forces. The Colombian troops are still aboard the vessels."

—In regard to the $20 gold piece said to have been recently tested at the New York Assay Office and found to weigh 546 grains, making its value nearly $21.50, the Director of the Mint has ascertained that the coin was weighed upon a pair of scales in a drug store. The Superintendent of the Assay Office reports that it was found to be slightly underweight, but within the limits of tolerance.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 24th the bill to prevent the traffic of impure and unwholesome milk in cities of the second and third classes was passed. Measures were prepared for third reading, including a bill to prevent the wilful mutilation or injury of any book, newspaper, painting, etc., in public libraries or museums, and one authorizing central boards of education in cities of the second class to maintain schools for instruction in the mechanic arts and kindred subjects. Adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 28th, the Bullitt bill, amended to take effect the first Monday of April, 1887, passed third reading. It was reached at noon, and Senator Adams, in committee of the whole, with King, of Schuylkill, in the chair, proposed the amendment. The discussion lasted until one o'clock, the hour of adjournment, and was resumed at a special session beginning at three and lasting until five.

In the Senate on the 29th ult., the Bullitt bill was passed, yeas 40, nays 3. Among the bills which passed second reading was the one taking from the Judges of the Courts of Philadelphia the power to revoke liquor licenses, and requiring jury trials to determine whether licenses shall be revoked. On motion of Mr. Osbourn, of Philadelphia, the consideration of this bill on third reading was made the special order for next Tuesday. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 24th was reported a bill appropriating $25,000 for the protection and propagation of fish was read a second time. The next bill was one appropriating $193,500 for the Norristown Hospital. On a motion to amend no quorum voted, and a call of the House was ordered. After half an hour spent in a vain effort to secure the attendance of absentees the House adjourned.

In the House on the 28th the General Appropriation bill coming up on second reading, was read by sections for amendments. Mr. Crawford, of Philadelphia, offered an amendment appropriating $12,000 for the salaries of the Deputy Harbor Masters and for office rent in Philadelphia. Agreed to. The bill was ordered transcribed to a third reading and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 29th ult. the bill appropriating $100,000 for State normal schools, gave an opportunity for Mr. Burns, of Erie, to make an eloquent speech in defence of those schools against some criticism formerly passed upon them. Mr. Evans, offered and supported an amendment providing that the appropriation shall be applied to the payment of debts contracted prior to January, 1884. Lost—yeas 45, nays 123. Pending further action the House adjourned,

"ONLY A FRIEND."

"Only a friend" of a summer,
"Only a friend," that is all!
But, oh, the brightness and sweetness
Of the day we can never recall.
Only one warm, sunny morning
One long, golden afternoon,
Only a stroll in the starlit evening,
Where the sea lay so calm, 'neath the moon.
"Only a friend" of a summer,
"Only a friend," that is all.

Only a sail in the sunlight,
Over the waters so blue,
But, oh, the tender light that shone
In your dear eyes, so loving and true.
Only a ride to the light-house,
Only a ride—and yet,
The sweet, peaceful calm of that afternoon,
I shall never, never forget.
"Only a friend" of the summer,
"Only a friend," that is all.

'Twas only by chance—a meeting
Of two, mere strangers before,
'Twas only a few words spoken
By lips to be dumb evermore;
Only a sorrowful parting,
In the morning chill and gray,
And a promise made but to be broken
By the heart that is breaking to-day.
"Only a friend" of the summer,
"Only a friend," that is all.

Only a heart that is breaking,
A woman's heart, breaking to-day
For love she might have been sharing—
While the world calls her happy and gay;
O, must it thus be forever,
Through each weary night and day;
Must life flow on with laughter and song,
While the white lips dumbly say—
"Only a friend" of the summer,
"Only a friend," that is all.

AT THE MINES.

As the adventurous traveler turns from the narrow strip of prairie land, and follows the Old Rolton Shaft road, where it winds in and out among the snow-decked cedars of the mountains, he will come unexpectedly upon a small white wooden cross, standing, as if on guard, over a grave close beside the trail, its only surroundings being the moaning pine trees and the endless waste of snow.

On that simple cross, rudely carved by a knife in some friendly hand, is the name and date:

PHILIP M'GINN,
April 7th, 1883.

Little above, certainly not many hundred yards, but out of sight around the sharp spur of the mountains, are situated the great Bolton mines, their tall wooden shafts rising up in the midst of the solitude, noisy with never-halting machinery, and surrounded by marks of never-ending toil.

Here and there, along the gulches and the canons, which are crossed in every direction by black-ash paths, can be seen the little wreaths of smoke curling up into the blue sky, showing where the dark-browned delvers in the depths below make their humble homes.

The snow lies trampled and dirty from the pit-house in every direction, and the great heaps of slack show the employment of a large force of workers.

Not one of them all to-day but as he passes that lonely grave beside the trail, will reverently bow his head and feel that, standing there, he is very close to God. If you have time to listen, I will tell the simple little story again for you.

I was acting as foreman over the night shift at the "Mohawk" mines all that winter; a hard, rough job enough it was, but was all I could get to do; and this boy McGinn, was a "helper" in Shaft No. 3.

I remember well the night he first came to us. It was in December, rough and blustering outside, so that even the thin boards of the little shaft-house afforded a small protection from the wind. I was huddled close to a roaring fire, trying to study out some plan for making the Snake river dam safer before spring floods should come. Close as I kept, the red flames roaring up the chimney, yet I would shiver, as a heavier blast would come sweeping around the edge of the mountain and shake the cabin as if it were in air.

Just then some one knocked at the low door, and without even glancing up I bade whoever it was come in.

A burst of icy wind swept over me, a foot shuffled along the floor, and I turned—to see a strange boy standing before me, his ragged, patched clothes covered with snow, his face red from the wind, and a pair of big blue eyes looking up anxiously into my face.

"What is it, my lad?" I asked gently, for something about his forlorn appearance had touched my heart with pity.

His eyes fell to the floor, and he stood there for an instant twirling his ragged hat in his cold hands without saying a word. Then he gulped out, as if manfully trying to keep back the tears:

"Please, sir, I want some work!"

His voice was honest, his face earnest, his words true.

"Sit down, my little man," I said kindly. "Where are you from?"

He put his well-worn boots out toward the heat of the fire and looked straight into my face as he made answer:

"From Trinidad, sir. I left there this morning."

"Trinidad?" I echoed, in surprise, glancing at the snow beating against the windows almost like hail. "Why, that is fifteen miles from here!"

"I know it, sir." He shivered a little. "It was very cold, but they said I could get work here."

"You are rather young for the mines," I began, but he leaned forward eagerly.

"Oh, sir, don't say that! Father is dead, and I must work. I am strong—indeed I am, and I must work, or what will become of Mary?"

I felt the tears in my eyes in sympathy with his.

"Mary!" I said. "And who is Mary?"

"She is my sister, sir. She is out there now waiting to hear;" and he pointed over his shoulder to the door.

"Your sister out there in this storm!" and in surprise I started to my feet.

"Yes, sir. She is peculiar, Mary is; and she would wait there till I came back."

"Then for heavens sake, bring her in; she shall share my fire anyway."

Without answering, he opened the door and went out in the snow. In a few moments he came back again with the sister, a slight built, brown-haired girl of fifteen, as poorly dressed as himself, and shivering with the cold.

I took her small chill hand in my own, and drew closer to the warm fire. For a moment none of us spoke; then she looked up anxiously into my face.

"Did you give Phil something to do, sir?" she asked.

To resist the pleading hope in her soft voice was more than I could do. Swept by a sudden thought of my own sisters, far off in an Eastern city, I bent down and kissed her white cheek.

"He shall have work," I said gravely, "if I have to make a place for him."

And the sudden light of happiness which sprang into the blue eyes was my grand reward.

But this is McGinn's story and not mine, and I must hurry on its sad and tragic ending. I found the boy odd jobs to do about the shaft at first, and as he proved always able and willing, I advanced him in a few days and placed him upon the night shift as a "helper" at the foot of the shaft.

The girl and boy—for she was the elder of the two; and quite a woman—took possession of an old, tumble-down shanty close to the trail. I helped them fit it up as best we might to keep out the cold winter wind, and there she kept house for the brother, and as the weeks passed by I used often to drop in there afternoons just to cheer her up a bit.

She made the lonely place very pleasant in so many simple ways, and, indeed, they seemed quite happy together, as the flush of health came back on her clear cheeks and the light of hope and comfort brightened her eyes again. Often as I passed up the road to my work just in the edge of evening, I used to stop before the cabin and listen, while all unconscious of anyone outside she sang some old melody, the clear, sweet voice floating up the mountains across the snow like the notes of a lost bird, and making the work of the long night pleasanter, as I remembered.

The cold months of the winter rolled on into the dangerous spring—dangerous in all mines, but doubly so in ours, because the rising waters of Snake river were only kept from flooding our galleries by an artificial barrier of earth and rocks. We watched with anxious eyes as, inch by inch, the waters, fed by the mountain snow, steadily crept up higher; the owners had pronounced it safe, and we had to believe them.

Such was the unchanged situation of things, when one night early in April, I pushed up the rocky path to my work, and, turning the edge of the pines, saw Mary McGinn standing in the door of her poor shanty shading her eyes with her hands and watching Phil's stubby little figure trudging away in the afterglow.

As I came up unnoticed, I spoke to her and marked the light of welcome in her eyes as she held out her hand to me.

Oh, sir," she said looking up into my face, as if reading every thought, "I have wanted to see you all day. I heard some of the men saying at the store last night, that the mines were unsafe while the river was so high. I asked Phil, and he laughed at me. But oh, sir, is it true?"

It was hard for me even to attempt a lie to her, yet could I tell the truth just then?

"Bolton and the engineer both pronounce them safe," I said gravely; "and they should know better than the rest of us."

She read my face while listening to the words.

"But you? you do not?" she cried.

I struck my tin pail against the post and drew a long breath.

"Mary," I said, with a tenderness new to me, "I am not satisfied, but I hope for the best."

She stood there as if the news had touched her very life.

"Poor Phil!" almost in a whisper, "and all I can do for him is to pray for him."

I bent lower and closer to hear the words.

"And will you forget all the others?" I asked, longingly. "It makes men stronger to think some one remembers them at home."

She looked up into my rough face a moment with tear-dimmed eyes, then placed both her little hands in mine.

"I have always remembered you," she said, and, a shrill whistle came down the frosty air, recalling me to duty. I followed the impulse of my heart and kissed her cheek, now flushed with red. What I saw in the blue eyes is hard to tell, but I turned away happier—without knowing why—than I had been in many years.

Twenty of us went down in the cage that night together, and I remember yet the last grand scene as we sank slowly into the shaft. The sun was just going down behind the ridge, and the distant snow-crowned peaks stood out like cathedral spires against the rosy sky, while across the skies a bridge of golden wire seemed suspended in the air; and then we dropped away into the black, damp depths below.

After seeing that the men were well at work, I led a small party up into one of the side tunnels to fix up some props which had fallen down.

It was hard work, pressed together as we were in that narrow space and breathing the hot, damp air, the room lit by the small oil lamps flickering on each miner's cap. They took turns with the timbers, and for over an hour nothing was to be heard save the heavy breathing of the men, and occasionally a low-spoken order.

I thought over my little talk with Mary as I stood there leaning against the rocky side, and was building air-castles and making her their queen, when suddenly we were startled at hearing swift footsteps echoing along the tunnel, and the next moment, with face ghastly white, under the glare of his hat-lamp, McGinn burst in among us.

"Run!" he cried. "Run, lads, for the stables! Snake river has broken out!"

With pale faces and cries of fright, the men dropped everything to plunge into the darkness, and we stood there alone. I needed to ask no questions. I was miner enough to understand it all.

"Come, Phil," I said, for the boy stood there panting for breath; "we must get out of this!"

He looked up startled at hearing my voice.

"You here!" he cried, "why didn't you go with them? Don't wait, sir, I must cut the barricade."

Like a flash the whole situation burst upon me, and my cheek paled at the thought. Every life in the mine depended upon that. Impulsively I stepped forward and clapped my hands on his shoulders.

"I had forgotten," I said. "We will go together, my lad."

Hand-in-hand, to steady our steps over the wet rocks, we went down into the main gallery, feeling our way in the intense blackness, hearing the gurgle of the water, already sweeping to my waist.

We could distinguish some cries far off in the mine, and hear the frightened bats flitting about our heads, as we finally struggled up to the heavy timbers, and I hacked at them with an ax.

They would not start! The lives of every man in the stables hung with that barricade, yet still it clung there, and as we toiled, the water kept creeping up, until it had reached the boy's throat. Like rain I showered my heavy blows, scarcely able to keep my own feet in the sweep of the current.

"For God's sake, lad!" I groaned in despair and agony, "what can we do?"

"I know, sir," he cried out, for I could not see him in the darkness, "and may God help me to do it!" And catching the lower timbers he clambered up.

What he succeeded in cutting I can only guess, but I heard a cry, and a crash, then down came that great mass, completely blocking the passage and sending an immense black wave over my head, and clear to the top of the tunnel.

Oh, heaven, what a night of horror that was! I have wondered since that it did not turn my hair to snow. Back of me the black, gloomy, silent mine yawning like a grave; before me the barricade and on every side the eddying currents of the water.

In vain I called for Phil, and felt my way back and forth along the wet rocks. Nothing answered but the flitting of the bats and the gurgling of the waves.

Sobbing, crying praying, half crazed the long night wore away; sometimes dreaming that I saw the boy's face in the darkness—calling to him only to have the echoes of my own voice come back in mockery. I think I was truly mad when the party of rescuers came at last, guided down the tunnel by my cries.

In the flickering rays of their lights, the first thing my eyes saw was poor Phil lying crushed under the timbers. At the sight and before they could reach me, I fainted dead away.

It was up in the pit-house, with a crowd of rough sympathetic faces about me, that I came back to life once more and looked eagerly around.

"The girl?" I asked, for she was the first thought, where is the girl?"

They drew back silently, and then I saw her kneeling over a shrouded body in the corner. For her own sake she must be taken away, while the men did all they could with the poor battered figure. The lads helped me to her tenderly.

"Mary," I whispered, taking her cold hand in mine, "you cannot help Phil any more, now. Come, let us go home."

She looked up at me, her face like death, but without a tear in the clear eyes.

"It is so hard to leave him here," she said, piteously; "is it right?"

"Yes, my girl," my own voice trembling. "I think so, and you must trust me, Mary."

"Yes."

I led her out of the sad place, down the hill toward their little cabin. At the bottom she stopped and looked wistfully back, and as she did so, the tears broke forth at last.

"Oh, Phil,' she sobbed, "you were all I had in the world!"

The heart came up into my throat at the pitiful loneliness of that cry, and I knew I loved her.

"Not all, Mary, I whispered, tenderly, "not all, if you will turn to me."

She looked up into my face bending over her, and I think, read there my earnestness.

"You were good to him," she said, simply, "and I love you!"

The early morning sun came out above the crags, and showered a gleam of gold across the brown hair, as I led her into the little house alone.

* * * *

That is Phil's grave out yonder, by the trail, with the white cross and the snow-covered cedars standing silent guard above it, and somewhere in the years, I think, God has wiped away the trouble, has covered up the roughened hands of toil, and rewarded the boy according to his deeds.

Montana Woman's Heroism.

A woman living near Glendive, Montana was the owner of a pet dog, which recently, was playing, when it gave a yelp of almost mortal terror, as a large eagle, with wings larger than a blacksmith's apron, swooped down and picked up the little cur in his muscular talons. With the true Western woman, brought up amid all the dangers of a rough border life, and with no tight-fitting skirt to prevent the free movement of her limbs, to think is to act. On the instant this noble representative of a noble sex flew into the kitchen, where her husband kept his shotgun, with which, in the early days, when bloodthirsty Indians were rampant on the plains, he had often gone out and shot fool hens. She bounced out of the front door, gun in hand. In an instant she directed her eagle eye into the air, where soaring about ten feet distant, she discerned the emblem of our national liberties with her yellow poodle grasped convulsively, but firmly, in its claws. For a moment she ran her trained eye along the barrel of the gun in the direction of the bird, closed her liquid orbs with a shudder, and banged away. When she opened them the eagle was prospecting interstellar space and the dog lay scattered around in fragments all over the yard. She wept bitter tears, and as she picked up the pieces and told her youngest boy to grease the sausage machine, she swore in broken Missouri, and with many a sob, everlasting war on the shotgun policy.

Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces, If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future.

An Eventful Day.

"It's those worn-out shingles on the roof," said Mrs. Barr in the melancholy half whine which was habitual to her. "The rain leaked in on the boarder's bureau all night long; and she says she won't stay here if she isn't to be properly protected against the elements."

Janie tied the last puce-colored tulip to its stake and straightened herself up.

"We must have the roof mended," said she,

"Who is to do it?" sighed Mrs. Barr. "And if Mrs. Lepell goes away what shall we do about the interest on your father's old note?"

"She won't go away, mother, never fear," said Janie brightly. "Don't fret. You'll see that things will come right."

"But the shingles must be fixed right away," said Mrs. Barr.

"They shall be fixed, mother," said Janie.

"Who will do it?" impatiently repeated the widow

"I will!" said Janie.

"That's all nonsense!" groaned Mrs. Barr.

But Janie had never been more seriously in earnest in all her life.

Mrs. Barr went to the parish sewing society that afternoon.

Colonel Addison, from the Valley hotel, who was paying his addresses to Mrs. Lepell, the boarder, came with a spirited horse and a buggy to take her to the sea beach.

"Now is my time," said Janie exultantly, to herself.

But Mrs. Lepell came back before she had got 25 yards away from the house.

"Janie," she said, "I forgot to tell you that I left my three diamond rings in the little left hand drawer of the bureau. I might lose them in the water. I thought I would tell you in case of fire, you know, or any other accident"

"Yes," said Janie; "but there won't be any accident."

Mrs. Lepell laughed, and ran back to the carriage and the impatient colonel.

And not until then did Janie perceive that a tall, half-grown lad, lurking behind the porch rails, was waiting to speak with her.

"Who are you?" said Janie, briskly. "What do you want? No, we haven't any old clothes. If you really want work you had better go on to the new buildings; about a mile up the road. I dare say they can find something for you to do there."

The lad mumbled out something, whether thanks or otherwise Janie could not discriminate, and shuffled away. And our heroine, slipping on her hat and bolting the front door, ran across the back meadows to Ralph Parsons' carpenter shop, some quarter of a mile by the wood path.

"I want a few shingles," said she, "and a pound of shingle nails."

"What for?" said Ralph.

"No matter," calmly retorted Janie. She nodded good-by and hurried away under the canopy of pink apple blossoms.

Ralph looked admiringly after her,

"She's a regular clipper of a girl, that Janie Barr!" said he. "If ever I'm able to support a wife, that will be the one I'd choose."

Light as a thistledown, Janie hurried back with her precious bundle of shingles, and the pound of nails in her pocket.

"Now I'll show him whether I can mend the roof or not," said she, as with a hammer added to her stock in trade, she ascended to the garret and climbed an odd little ladder that led out through a rusty trap door to the steep roof.

The slant was abrupt, the old shingles were wet with the recent rain and slippery with green moss incrustations, but Janie Barr was not one lightly to be discouraged, and presently she found herself neatly balanced, with her feet braced against the broad gutter, one elbow leaning on the roof, and the other hand busily tearing away the old shingles and replacing them deftly with overlapping rows of new, fragrant wood.

The click of the hammer, the ring of the nails was like music in her ears. Suddenly, however, as she sat perched like a squirrel on the slanting roof, the sound of voices struck on her ear. She paused to listen.

"Three diamond rings! I heard her say so herself. In the left hand drawer of some bureau," said the same accents which half an hour ago had asked her for charity. "And no one but a woman in the house."

"Sure of that?" said a deeper voice.

"Yes, plum sure," was the answer. "And I wouldn't wonder if there were other things for the picking up."

"Come on, then," said the other one; "and step lively. We can't stand here jawing all day. The door is bolted, is it? Wait a minute; I've got a little joker here as would start any staples this side of Denver.

Janie had listened in breathless horror. In an instant, as it were, she comprehended the full danger that menaced Mrs. Lepell's treasured gems—the three diamond rings that the boarder had once told her were worth thousands of dollars. And here she was alone and helpless!

Hurriedly she turned over the crisis in her mind. If she were to re-enter the house by the same way in which she had left it, she must certainly meet the ruffians, and any resistance which she could offer would be speedily overpowered.

Janie Barr was not one to hesitate long. While the thoughts yet careered through her brain, she sprang from the eaves into the blooming boughs of the great cherry tree which grew so close to the house that its branches scraped the roof on windy March days.

It was a hazardous thing for any one to do who was not swift of limb and accurate of eye; but Jane alighted, like a cat, in the fork of the tree, climbed lightly down until she reached its lower bough, and thence leaped breathlessly to the ground, springing swiftly across the meadows to Ralph Parsons' carpenter shop.

"Janie, what is it?"

Ralph Parsons himself rose up out of the green hedges, directly across her path.

"I was drinking at the ice cold spring," he said, "when I heard your footsteps. What is it?

She told him as well as she could for excitement and breathlessness.

"Come," she cried. "Oh, do make haste!"

He paused only to blow a small willow whistle which hung on his steel watch guard.

"This will bring my workmen," he said. "It's a signal we have agreed upon, among ourselves, for just such an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, shall go around to the back door, Hall and Robbins will watch the front, and I'll go up and settle the fellows."

Janie glanced with shy admiration into his set, determined face. After all, it was something to be a man.

The little campaign was skillfully conducted. The two thieves were taken redhanded, the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping and the ruffians were dragged to the nearest jail.

"Oh, Ralph," said Janie, when all the little crowd was gone, "how can I ever thank you?"

He smiled.

"By letting me put on those shingles for you," said he.

"I can't!" said Janie, laughing and blushing. "They are put on already. But I'll promise you my next job of carpentering."

"Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?" he asked. "Will you promise one day to be my wife?"

The words had risen almost involuntarily to his lips as he held her hand in his—the words he so longed yet dreaded to speak.

And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said "she would see."

And Ralph Parsons knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarder were alike amazed when they returned home.

"Our Janie to circumvent a gang of burglars!" said the proud mother.

"To save my three diamond rings!" hysterically cried Mrs. Lepell.

"But that isn't all I have done, mother," said Janie, laughing. "I have shingled the roof. And I have promised to marry Ralph Parsons next spring. Upon the whole, I think it has been rather an eventful day, mother, don't you?"

Whistling.

I never knu a good whissler but hed a good constitution. Whissling iz composed of pucker and wind, and these tew accomplishments denote vigger. Sum people always whissle whare thare iz danger. This they do to keep the fraid out of them. When I was a boy, I always considered whissling the next best thing to a kandle to go down cellar with in the nite time.

The best whisslers I hev ever herd, hav been among the negroes, (I make this remark with the highest respekt to the accomplishments of the whites.) I have herd a South Karoliny darkey whissle so natural that a mocking-bird would drop a worm out ov his bill, and talk back to the old boy.

A fust rate whissler iz like a middling-sized fiddle, good for nothing else; and although whissling may keep a man from getting lonesome, it won't keep him from getting ragged.

I never knu a bee-hunter but what was a good whissler, and I don't knu of any bizness on the breast ov the earth, that will make a man so lazy and useless, without aktually killing him, az hunting bees in the wilderness.

Hunting bees and writing sekondrate verses, are evidences of sum geenyus, but either of them will unfit a man for a good day's work.

I don't want any better evidences ov the general onesty there is in a whissle, than the fact that there ain't nothing a dog will answer quicker than the whissle ov his master; and dogs are as good judges of onesty as any critter that lives.

It is hard to phool a dog once, and it is next to impossible to phool him a sekond time.

I ain't afraid to trust enny man for a small amount, who is a good whissler.

A Scrap of Tartar History.

The remarkable swordsmanship of the Tartars is proverbial. Their favorite weapon is a long, curved cimetar, quite different from that of the Turks. It is made of the finest steel, richly alloyed with silver, and a sword becomes an heirloom in a family and descends to the first born so long as the family exists. When the last representative of a race dies his sword, which may have come down to him from a hundred generations, is broken and buried with him. The blades of the weapon, which are beaten out on an onyx-stone anvil in the ancient Mogul city of Taztchintzy (the Holy Place), are very thin and the wonderful feats performed with them are astonishing. Once when Robo, the cousin of the great Mogul, was caught in a rebellion, his execution was ordered. The most skilful swordsman of the empire was provided for the beheading, and the great Mogul and his court assembled to see it. For a second the keen Tartar blade flashed in the sunlight and then descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke. The sharp steel passed through the vertebrae, muscles and organs of the neck, but so swift was the blow and so keen was the blade, that the head did not fall, but kept its exact position, and not a vital organ was disturbed. In surprise the Great Mogul exclaimed: "What, Robo, art thou not beheaded?"

"My lord, I am," replied Robo, "but so long as I keep my balance right my head will not fall off." The Great Mogul was so pleased with the deftness of the executioner that he ordered a bandage to be tied on, and Robo speedily recovered. He afterward became a loyal subject, and was made cashier of the empire, because, as the Great Mogul remarked: "He knows that if he keeps his balances right his head will not come off." It is one of those curious scraps of history that are often overlooked.

He was a likable man; sweet-tempered, ready-witted, frank, without grins of suppressed bitterness or other conversational flavors which make half of us an affliction to our favors.

A Silent Witness.

Uncle Grinder was one of the closest fisted men that was ever permitted to live in civilized America. He was a bachelor, and rich, but not a farthing did he ever bestow on charity. He resided with his old housekeeper in some low-lying out-of-the-way place near Morrisania, because of its cheapness and railed at us whenever we saw him for our extravagance in preferring a healthy place to live in.

We—bye the bye, 'we' means myself and my cousin Ned, Uncle Grinder's two nephews and sole relatives—we, I was about to remark, should have cut him dead long before, but couldn't for we were in his power.

Ned and I had started in the world together, but at first, having little means to carry on our business: we applied to our Uncle Grinder, whom we didn't thoroughly know then, just for a small sum. He granted it, but with interest. What we considered sufficient when we began trade sunk to the smallest dimensions. We obtained more at a higher interest. Then we had to ask for time—of course paying for the favor—until we got in a fearful tangle of embarrassment. Ruin confronted us.

"If we were only free of the usurer," said we, "we'd be all right!"

Ned was a passionate fellow of a fierce nature, capable of strong feelings and of losing his head under the sense of wrong. And I, of a quieter disposition, felt some uneasiness about him, especially when he began absenting himself from my society, and on occasions taking more than was good for him.

"He's up to no good," I reflected, "and it's all owing to ruinous debt. If anything, Uncle Grinder prefers Ned. I'll try once more to move him. I'll tell him my fears concerning him and ask his help or advice in the matter.

I consulted Katie. Katie and I were engaged, but our union was problematical while I was in such straits.

Didn't she hate Uncle Grinder—and give me a woman for hating as for loving downright. She, who much liked Ned, agreed with me and my idea, so I started. It was an awful dark night. A fog hung like a curtain over the low fields through which I passed on the train. As we rushed through the Harlem tunnel a train coming in the opposite direction flashed past us. As it did so, chancing to look up, I saw a scene that chilled my blood with horror. In a second it was gone.

"Horrible!" I cried, leaping up, alarming all the rest. "A foul deed is being perpetrated. I saw a man assassinating another in a carriage that just passed us!"

What could we do? Nothing. We must go to the next station, where, on alighting, I acquainted the station-master with what I had seen. Then I went to Uncle Grinder's. His old housekeeper told me he had gone to town that evening on business. I didn't believe her, but I had to accept the intelligence. Next morning I was in town and read:

"Horrible tragedy—A man found killed on the rails of the Harlem road."

I waited—I knew what would come. Having given my address to the station-master, I was summoned at the inquest and recounted what I had seen—a man crouched back on the seat, another with his knees against his chest, his hands about his throat. Could I describe the latter? No. Not only did he appear muffled, but he had his back toward me.

"We must view the body, gentlemen,' said the coroner.

We went. The mutilated remains were those of Uncle Grinder. Search was made for the assassin, but without result. The crime had been for robbery—as both watch and purse had disappeared.

A week later I sat in my room wondering where Ned had gone, when the door opened and he entered. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I looked at him. He was haggard, hollow eyed and like a ghost.

"Look here, Ned," I said.

"Don't speak," he put in, hurriedly. "I'm off to South America, but I could not go without letting you know we are free—you are free by my hand. Yes, don't start—I killed Uncle Grinder. I couldn't bear it any longer. The miserable wretch drove me to it. I went down disguised. I sent a false telegram calling him to town. From the papers you know the rest. His watch and purse I took to throw off suspicion. They are at the bottom of the Hudson. I wouldn't touch a penny of the hateful money."

"Oh, Ned!" I gasped, horror struck.

"Yes, it is terrible, isn't it?" he interrupted. "But such men are better out of the world than in it, though I wish he had gone by better means. Good-bye. You can marry Katie now. Will you shake hands?"

I grasped the one hand he extended firmly. I couldn't help it. Poor Ned! Holding it I would have detained him, but he jerked it away, repeated his farewell and was gone. I never saw nor heard of him again.

When Night Workers Should Eat.

For night workers the best regimen includes a hearty breakfast when they rise, which is generally from 12 to 3 o'clock; after this some moderate outdoor exercise, which should be followed by a short interval of rest and relaxation; then a good dinner, partaken of between 5 and 8 o'clock, at least an hour before beginning work. If labor is to continue until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, a light nutritious repast should be eaten shortly after midnight, in order to fortify the system for work during the hours immediately following, when the vital powers are most enfeebled. When work is finished, and before retiring, a simple lunch should be taken, in the form of a cup of good hot broth or beef tea, or a glass of light wine and a couple of crackers; this will generally insure sleep by withdrawing the blood from the brain, where it has been concentrated by mental effort. In ordinary cases of wakefulness after night work, not confirmed by habit, a light meal of this kind will usually prove to be a remedy. By attention to these details, and by taking sufficient sleep, night workers can preserve their health under ordinary circumstances.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MAY 13, 1885.

THE CLOVER TEA CURE.

[Chicago Times.]

United States Senator Stanford, of California, says the cure of Gen. Grant is owing to the use of clover tea for the past four weeks. Among the numerous letters received by Mrs. Grant suggesting various remedies, clover tea was urged by the majority of the writers, and this so influenced her that she finally insisted on giving it a trial at once. The doctors said they had no objections, although they had no faith in it whatever. They gave it a trial of one week and then dropped it. Mrs. Grant and the family, however, continued to give it to the General, without the knowledge of the doctors, and have kept it up ever since. His improvement was noticed from the day he began taking it. Senator Stanford had a friend named Bishop who, some years ago, had a cancer break out in three different places on his face and neck. The best physicians in the country treated him, but failed to do him any good. Finally an old doctor of Jersey City recommended clover tea as a purifier of blood and possible remedy for cancerous diseases. Bishop tried it and was cured. Stanford said that General Grant told him that at three different times he would have died had not the doctor been present to revive him with stimulants. Stanford himself was present once when Grant was unconscious for five minutes, and at another time when he nearly strangled to death. "He certainly has had some very close calls," said the Senator.

CASTOR OIL.

One of the chief uses to which castor oil is now put is that of dressing and softening leather for boots. It was formerly used for dosing children whose stomachs were disordered. And an awful dose it was. Now we give children Brown's Iron Bitters, which tones the stomach, regulates digestion, and imparts strength to the body. Brown's Iron Bitters is incomparably better than castor oil, and more pleasant to take.

EXECUTION OF A YOUNG REDSKIN ACCORDING TO CHOCTAW CUSTOM.

Fort Smith, Ark., May 7.—Michael Anderson, a Choctaw Indian, 17 years old, was executed yesterday, according to the custom of that nation, for the murder of another Choctaw boy named Winchester last summer. Anderson was convicted in the court of the Moshalatubbee district, and was sentenced in Feb. last. He shot Winchester while the latter was passing along a lonely road, and then horribly mutilated the body and secured $15. The condemned youth was seated on a blanket in an open place, with a piece of white paper pinned over his heart. The executioner knelt before him, and with one shot killed him. Anderson denied the killing until within the last few days, when the decision reached by the supreme judge convinced him that there was no hope, when he acknowledged his guilt, and said his father was the instigator.

AN ENTERPRISING AND RELIABLE HOUSE.

J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the agency for such articles as have well known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumtpion, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the throat, lungs and chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a trial bottle free.

A BATTLE NEAR BATTLEFORD,

In which Fifty of Pound-Maker's Indians Were Killed.

Saskatchewan Landing, N. W. T., May 5.—A mail courier has just arrived from Battleford with the following dispatch, dated May 3:

"A flying column of 300 men from Battleford had an engagement with the Pound-Maker's force of six hundred Indians, at his reserve, lasting from 5 a. m. to noon yesterday. The troops lost 8 killed and 12 wounded. The Indian loss is estimated at fifty. Colonel Otter covered 70 miles, fought the battle and returned inside of thirty hours. The men behaved magnificently.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

A RENOVO BREWER ARRESTED.

Renovo, May 4—United States Marshal Martin, of Williamsport, arrested Luke Binder and closed his brewery this morning for frauds on the United States revenue laws. Binder has been a brewer here for 15 years. He was taken to Williamsport this afternoon for a hearing.

Can you tell who is in the greatest danger of catching any infections or epidemic diseases? "Why," you say, "the person whose blood is in an impure or impoverished condition. Such people take special complaints as dry grass bursts into flames before the sparks of a locomotive. Pure blood is a defence; it means safety, and Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the mildest, safest and surest purifier of the blood. Our chief dangers are within ourselves. may

Edward Wood, of Eau Claire, Mich., was instantly killed by lightning, the other day, while at breakfast. His wife and babe, who sat opposite at the table, were uninjured.

The secret art of beauty lies in cosmetics, but it is only pure blood and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood bitters.

MEN OF GREAT STATURE.

It was once a much debated question whether the average human stature had been diminishing or increasing. The praisers of past men and times had no difficulty in imagining that in the earlier periods every man was six feet upwards and every woman five feet ten, and till science came with its measuring apparatus they had the best of the argument. There is little dispute now on the subject, chiefly because statistics, coats of armor and feats of strength have finally settled that, with great exception, men of all places, epochs and breeds have kept very much at the same level. The Hottentot and the Laplander have been always dwarfish, and the Caucasian, through the whole gamut of history, has been handsome and stately. That giants are exceptional in a very peculiar sense is shown by the fact that they grow as often among people not distinguished for more than average stature as among the taller nations. A Scotch professor once fell on the plan of measuring all his students and noting nationalities, so that he might get some idea as to which of the peoples were tallest. He found that Americans, especially those from the West, were first in this odd competition, Irishmen next, the Scotch next, and the English shortest of these four peoples. But it would have been no surprise to him if more men of really gigantic size could be found in England than anywhere else, because no rule of average seems to exist for such products. The Chinese giant Chang could hardly be said to owe his height to any sort of contagion of examples to be met with in the land of the Celestials. Geology has rather refused to allow that there were times when giants formed the rule and not the exception. Those days must have been farther before the flood than naturalists can intellectually focus. It is quite another point whether physical inquiries are at all raised by the prehistoric assumption about a regularly tall section of the human family. There is now little doubt at all that within historical periods the race has kept its uniformity so well, that the rule is only the better established by the occasional appearance of these heroes of the flesh. It is also true that with the aid of modern intellect and appliance there is not at all the old impressiveness in the giant as such. That he needed intellect to be formidable was a great discovery for the normalists. When minds were simpler and less ready of fence, the man above six feet, with or without armor, had a natural supremacy, and his importance increased with the length of leg and arm. On this aristocracy of physical preponderance the sentence of Ichabod has long since been passed, and, like Samson after his hair was cut off, the giants of civilized life, even if reaching the seventeen feet four inches of the French giant of Angers, are quite like other men in essential significance.

THE KINGS OF LITTLE POPO.

The correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* on the Cameroons River gives some interesting particulars of a visit to four of the African "kings"—Quadjo, Quadjovi, Folli, Ajoada and Lawson—in the Little Popo district. Each of these so-called kings claims to be ruler of the district, and has a number of partisans who profess allegiance to him; but, notwithstanding this rivalry, they usually live at peace with each other. The correspondent's first visit was to Quadjo, an old man nearly 90 years of age, whom he found lying on a bed with the whole of one side of his body paralyzed. He passed the earlier part of his life in Brazil, and has a great reputation on the coast for integrity and energy, but was so prostrated by illness when the correspondent saw him that he could only point with a melancholy look to his paralyzed side. Quadjovi is only a few months younger than Quadjo, and the correspondent had to wait while he was dressing to receive him. His costume was a toga, a white cap like those worn by women in Europe, and on the top of a lilac-covered chimney-pot hat. Notwithstanding this grotesque dress he looked very "dignified," and addressed some very polite questions to his visitor about the health of Emperor William. In the afternoon the correspondent went to Lawson, who received him in a gray hat, a sky-blue toga, top boots and white stockings. He was accompanied by a suit of about thirty negroes, who laughed uproariously when he made a joke. After a conversation, and formal greeting, which consisted mainly in an exchange of compliments, the correspondent proceeded to Gredji, the residence of the fourth "king." Folli Ajoada. He wore a white toga, a nightcap with a white silk hat on it, and Roman sandals on his bare feet. Although it was nearly sunset, Folli Ajoada ordered a tattered umbrella to be opened and held over his head during the interview, and after it was over he treated his visitor to some bottled beer.

The bay of Havana is said, by the geographies, to be the finest in the world. It is in the shape of a man's hand, the opening into the sea corresponding to the wrist, and the fingers being represented by bays or inlets stretching in all directions. But in this magnificent haven there is not and never has been, pier or quay or dock or any place for a vessel to land. All the loading and unloading of passengers, or cattle, is done by means of small lighters.

Embroideries and white goods—Garmans.

FACTS ABOUT CASABIANCA.

Few but know the pretty piece of poetry by Mrs. Hemans, "Casabianca," commencing, "The boy stood on the burning deck." The poetess states that the lad was the son of the admiral commanding the flagship L'Orient, which took fire and exploded; that young Casabianca perished in the explosion, refusing to quit the position allotted to him by his father, pending the battle of the Nile. I have been looking into the official account of the incident. The admiral was Brueys, who was wounded in the head and hand early in the action. He continued to give orders until cut in two by a cannon ball; he uttered the request to be allowed to expire on deck, which he did in the course of some minutes. Citoyen Casabianca, the father of the poetic hero, then took command; his son was a middy, but only aged 10, not 13. At that period lads entered the navy very young. Casabianca was also a deputy. Pending the action his son was at his side; the father was mortally wounded in the head by a splinter and became insensible; he gave no injunctions to his son, but the latter would not the less quit his wounded parent. By this time the ship was on fire. Several of the sailors had left and saved themselves on spars till picked up by the English boats. Aided by the purser young Casabianca and his father were lowered down on a piece of mast floating by, but they had only got a short distance from the 120-gun Orient when she blew up, and nothing more was seen of the Casabiancas.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

"It is a noticeable fact," said a famous linguist "that, with the exception of the Russians, Americans have greater facility for learning and speaking foreign languages with correctness and fluency than any other nation. An Englishman seldom, if ever, learns to speak any other language than his own; even educated Germans speak English well, but French never. Frenchmen seldom accomplish either English or German. Italians and Spaniards always speak French well, German never and English rarely. I have often heard American girls who spoke French charmingly and murdered their own language, and I have met Americans to whom all foreign languages remained a sealed book. Greek would be as easy for them to speak as French. A specimen of this class recently translated 'Ris de Veau a la Financiere'—a very good dish, by the way—as 'Smiles of veal at the house of the female banker!" and another, wishing to be very French, said of Mr. Dion Boucicault that he 'travelled a la prince,' and always took his 'cuesineer' (spelled as pronounced) with him."

If a man spends the money he ought to save to pay his debts, when he knows very well he can only pay his debts by saving, he may give what he buys right and left with an open hand, and it will be to his own shame.

—T E—

GOLDSMITH

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SWARMS OF PATRONS BUZZED

About us all last week, attracted by our elegant display and Sledge-Hammer Bargains.

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Nobody need send to the city, thinking to get more fashionable goods or Cheaper.

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IN SEVERAL SHADES.

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BEAUTIFUL HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES, EXQUISITE LACE AND WHITE GOODS.

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One Price Stores,

HIGH ST., BELLEFONTE.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.—I will be ready to furnish No. 1 Ground Plaster by 5th of May, at my new plaster mill, at Farmers Mills. [22ap5t] J. B. FISHER.

TO THE PEOPLE

—O OF O—

POTTER TOWNSHIP:

POTTER TOWNSHIP:

I will say that I have been urged to enter other business, and in consequence have disposed of my store here to Mrs. M. A. Dinges, having consented to continue the management for four months and if the people appreciate the special advantages that will be offered in that time I will be glad to remain a while longer.

Respectfully,
CLEVAN DINGES.

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Having just returned from Philadelphia with a line of goods at such remarkable low Prices that they will at once attract your attention we ask you to call and see:

3 lbs.	Raisins	$0.25
2 "	French Prunes	.25
3 "	Best Rice	.25
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6 "	Oatmeal	.25
5 "	Beans	.25
6 "	Hominy	.25
7 "	Peas	.25
½ "	Best Tea	.25
8 "	Best Rio Coffee	1.00
14 "	Granulated Sugar	1.00
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Calicoes, Muslins, Shirtings, Ginghams, &c., lower than ever.

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Produce wanted in Exchange.

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BANANAS, ORANGES, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES, LEMONS, PRUNES, COCOANUTS, CREAM NUTS, ALMONDS, FIBERTS, &c., and a new line of

FINE CANDIES,

JUST OPENED.

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Baugh's Raw Bone Manures and High Grade Agricultural Chemicals and other products, on exhibition at the Pennsylvania State Fair, September 8th to 20th, 1884, were awarded five first premiums.

They were also awarded three first premiums as follows:

Lehigh County Fair at Allentown, Pa., September 30th to October 3rd; Berks County Fair at Kutztown, Pa., October 7th to 10th; Northampton County Fair at Nazareth, Pa., October 7th to 10th.

The above are the only exhibits made by Baugh & Sons during '84.

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Farmers have discovered that Raw Animal Bone is a most valuable enricher of the soil and producer of crops. Baugh's $25 Phosphate contains the life and essence of Animal Bones. This article is manufactured only by Baugh & Sons, Office No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

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We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

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HELP for the working people. Send 10 cts postage and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Prize. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Pronounced by all to be the most pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system, is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood, "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it 4 dec. y

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Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up clubs for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



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IS THE ONLY

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ROOFING,

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Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

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POKER AT SEA.

Among the plagues which infect Anglo-American steamers are a race of men who play the noble game of poker from the Mersey to the Sandy Hook and from Sandy Hook to Mersey. Of course, if they played it in strict seclusion they ought not to be molested. Every human being had a sacred and indefeasible right, even before the American Constitution was invented, to waste his or her own time in his or her own way. To question this would be to tamper with the foundations of everything. But the liberty which involves compulsion of your neighbor is, as a great philosopher would have said, of a spurious or mixed kind, which even the high priests of "individualism" are not bound to encourage. Poker may be the most exalted form of intellectual exercise in which, with his limited faculties, man is capable of indulging. To make life unendurable for all who do not play poker is a kind of missionary enterprise not part of the inalienable birthright of every free man whose proud boast to the tyrant of the oppressor is that his home is in the setting sun. We are well aware that the axiom "Every man may do as he damn pleases" is dependent on the condition that "every man does not include a nigger or a Mexican." But it has never been held to exclude quiet people who have taken (and paid for) their passage from New York to Liverpool. Such, however, seems to be the construction tacitly placed upon it by certain devotees of poker worship who patronize the steamers of a "very fashionable English line" between those two commercial centres. These gentlemen, if we may employ the word for once in the sense given it by "every charlatan," establish themselves in the smoking room as their own peculiar keep. They garrison it like a fortress and consecrate it to solemn service of their favorite game. "For a day or two," says the complainant previously cited, "the outsider was allowed his corner, but after that the mysterious and occult worship of poker admitted of no intruders." "Play or treat" was the motto, and the only other course was departure.

EDUCATING SERVANTS.

One of the most sensible and practical charities is the Kitchen Garden, where young girls of the poorer classes are aught the proper methods of service in refined households. Several benevolent young ladies connected with Sunday-school in our fashionable churches have set apart certain hours of the week to give this eminently useful instruction to the mission scholars in their charge. The children are taught how to wait on the table, place and clear away the dishes neatly and with dispatch, answer a call at the door, the proper way to usher in a visitor or repel a beggar or tramp. Also plain and staple articles of cooking are in the list of useful knowledge, one most beneficial feature of this teaching being that the young ladies themselves must become proficient in these branches, though to them it may prove to be an accomplishment only. Should schools of this kind become more numerous and on a larger scale, with endowed scholarships if possible, the preplexing servant problem might in this way be solved and intelligent service become a matter of pride and an excelling in proficiency. Nursing has become a profession, and the necessity for good servants being more extensive, why may not more encouragement be given to the kitchen gardens with most gratifying results to both classes employed?

INSOMNIA.

Like dyspepsia, insomnia is coming to be regarded as a peculiarly American malady. The excitable nature of the American people renders them more susceptible to nervous disorders than those of a more phlegmatic temperament. To the many persons who suffer from sleepleness the following hints as to the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep may not come amiss.

If the sleepleness be occasioned by undue nervous excitement the application of mustard plasters to the abdomen will afford relief. Where this remedy fails the freshly made solution of lactate of soda or some milk or whey may be used with good results. When brain exhaustion is responsible for the inability to sleep, the administration of a tumbler full of hot claret and water with sugar and nutmeg is recommended. When acid dyspepsia is present the alkalies and alkaline earths are useful. The irritant properties of the air which hinders sleep during hot weather, can be counteracted by sprinkling the floor with hot water. When sleep is broken by severe pain nothing is more useful than opium and morphia. These latter remedies should never be taken, however, without the advice of a physician. A hypodemic injection of morphia, however is to be preferred to taking the drug internally when the wakefulness is due to neuralgia.

Let us beware of loosing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

Latest style in men's hats and neckwear—Garmans.

Items of Interest.

Of the works called for in the great library of the British Museum less than ten per cent are novels.

The enthusiastic miners of Eagle City, Arizona, presented $5,000 in gold dust to the mother of the first child born there.

Venezuela schools are supported by the Federal Government from the revenues of the Post office at a trade license system.

The White House has been painted so often that the white lead upon it is said to be, by actual mersurement, nearly a quarter of an inch thick.

There are about 60,000 more females than males in the city of Berlin. The fact is all the more remarkable as there is a garrison of soldiers in the city that numbers 19,000 men.

There are still some half dozen wooden houses in London. One is the Wellclose square near the tower, and another in the back of it. They are very old, but in good repair, and warm and comfortable.

Cork is now made into bricks for coating steam boilers and ice coolers. The cork is broken up into very small particles, a small quantity of cement added, and then pressed into the shape of bricks, which are first dried by air, and then by artficial heat.

San Augustine, Florida, was the first permanent settlement made by Europeans, within the limits of the present United States. The settlement was established in 1565, and San Augustine is, therefore, the oldest city in the United States.

Near Tallahassa, Fla., there resides a man who has lived in the same house, on the same farm, all his life, but has always voted and paid taxes in two different States. His home is near the Georgia line, and the several surveys have placed him in a different State each time.

A citizen of Americus, Ga., claims to have carried an open-face watch constantly for twenty years without having broken the crystal, although several times it was subjected to rough use. The watch was inherited from his father, and the crystal was placed on it forty years ago.

In Northern Siberia when a young man thinks he wants to marry a young woman he arranges to pay a certain sum to her father. Half of this sum he pays down and lives with the family of his lady-love for a year. If, at the end of that time, he still wants her, he pays the other half of the sum agreed upon and gets her. If he doesn't want her he says so and loses the instalment which he first paid.

"Burglars" Mr. Davitt tells us of his "Parson Dairy" says an English paper, "seldom receive more than twenty per cent. of the value of their booty from the buyers to whom they dispose of it, if it happens to be in any other form than coin. If the stories told by three criminals can be credited, many men of apparently stainless character in the commercial world owe most of their wealth to direct dealing with professional thieves."

The largest and finest memorial stone in the Washington monument is the one presented by the Corporation of Philadelphia. The stone sent by Switzerland bears this inscription: "This block is from the original chapel built to William Tell, in 1338, on Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, at the spot where he escaped from Gessler." Since it was sent here, the Historical Society of Switzerland has demonstrated that no such persons as Tell and Gessler ever existed.

One of the most remarkable people with whom missionaries have to do are the Falashas of Ethiopia. They are black Hebrews, about two hundred thousand in number, living west of Jordan, who have as their holy writings the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version, and who still rigidly adhere to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. They are the children of Hebrew immigrants, who, in the time of the great Dispersion, settled in Abyssinia and married wives of that nation. Efforts made during the last 200 years to convert them to Christianity have proved unvailing.

A writer in the St. Louis *Melical Journal* advises young practitioners never to make fun of an old woman's remedy. They will not only give offence but may miss a valuable aid in practice. The writer adds: "In 1830, while practising in Madison county, Ill., I was induced, by the representations of an old woman, to make the trial, in dysentery and diarrhœa, of tablespoonful doses of pure cider vinegar, with the addition of sufficient salt to be noticeable, and it acted so charmingly that I have never used anything else.

The question whether money found in a shop belongs to the keeper of the place or the finder is often disputed. A writer in the *Pharmaceutical Record* relates that a customer in a drug store once picked up a dollar note from the floor between two parallel counters. He inquired if any one in the store had lost it, and finding they had not, he appropriated it. His claims to it being disputed, the case was submitted to a lawyer, who said: "The open passage between the two counters was dedicated to the public, not in fee simple, but as a highway which they were invited to occupy for purposes of traffic." So the finder kept the dollar.

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Surface Indications

What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the **Pimples, Sties, Sore Eyes, Boils,** and **Cutaneous Eruptions** with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into **Scrofula.** This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

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Woman's Province.

THE DUTIES OF THE GENTLER SEX—HOW BEST FULFILLED.

What a great task is assigned to woman. Its dignity can not be elevated. It is not her province to make laws, to lead armies, nor to be at the head of great enterprises, but to her is given the power to form those by whom the laws are made, to teach the leaders of mighty armies and the governors of vast empires. She is required to guard against having the slightest taint of bodily infirmity touch the frail creature whose moral, intellectual and physical being is derived from her. She must instil correct principles, inculcate right doctrines, and breathe into the soul of her offspring those pure sentiments which in time to come will be a part of themselves, and bless generations yet unborn. Yes, to woman is given the blessed priviliege of aiding the sufferer in all the various stages of his existence. She smiles serenely at the christening, and weeps at the burial, while she soothes the bereaved heart. This is her province and duty. Yet how can she fulfill her mission unless possessed of a strong and healthy body? The preparation of Dr. S. B. Hartman, and known as PERUNA, is just the thing for persons suffering from a majority of the complaints incident to this climate. It is invaluable to women, and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, is a noted example of what the medicine can do. She says she has suffered for years with congestion of the lungs, catarrh in the head, and was troubled with a bad cough. She had tried a number of physicians, but they all failed to cure her. She was induced to try PERUNA, and immediately a marked change took place. After using one bottle her cough ceased and in a short time her other ailments were cured. She is now completely restored to health, and gives all the credit to PERUNA. Mr. J. W. Reynolds, her husband, was a confirmed invalid. He could not sleep well, neither could he work. He used PERUNA, and as a result, was completely restored to his former vigor and strength. He says he now feels like a new man.

Mr. Bernhardt Scubs, St. Clair, St. Clair county, Mich., says: "I have thoroughly tried your PERUNA in the various diseases to which parents and a large family of children are ever liable, and I find it in every case to be just the thing needed. No family can honestly be without it."

Nancy Feterman, Cookport, Indiana County, Pa., says: "*Gentlemen:* Your valuable PERUNA is the best medicine I ever used."

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Apr. 6, 1885.

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
..	..	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
..	..	Montandon	5 46 a m
..	..	Williamsport	7 25 a m
..	..	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
..	..	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
..	..	Renovo	9 35 a m
..	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEW'S EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
..	..	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
..	..	Montandon	10 12 a m
..	..	Williamsport	11 20 a m
..	arr at	Lock Haven	12 30 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
..	..	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
..	..	Montandon	1 30 a m
..	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
..	..	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
..	..	Renovo	5 00 p m
..	..	Kane	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
..	..	Harrisburg	3 50 p m
..	..	Montandon	6 00 p m
..	..	Williamsport	7 20 p m
..	..	Lock Haven	8 15 p m
..	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
		(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
..	..	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
..	..	Montandon	9 37 a m
..	..	Williamsport	10 40 a m
..	..	Lock Haven	11 35 a m
..	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
		EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
..	..	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
..	..	Williamsport	8 10 a m
..	..	Montandon	9 16 a m
..	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
..	..	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	5 45 a m
..	..	Renovo	9 50 a m
..	..	Lock Haven	10 55 a m
..	..	Williamsport	12 15 p m
..	..	Montandon	1 17 p m
..	arr at	Harrisburg	3 52 p m
..	..	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
..	..	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
..	..	Williamsport	6 40 p m
..	..	Montandon	7 50 p m
..	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
..	..	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE	MAIL	leaves Erie	2 20 p m
..	..	Renovo	10 40 p m
..	..	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
..	..	Williamsport	1 00 a m
..	..	Montandon	2 05 a m
..	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
..	..	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A M	A M	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P M	P M
1 30	10 20	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50
1 50	10 35	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 15	10 35	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 30	12 40	4 50
2 20	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 30	12 35	4 45
2 30	10 50	7 40	Beihl	8 20	12 24	4 34
2 35	11 00	7 45	Vicksburg	8 15	12 16	4 28
3 00	11 20	8 00	Mifflinburg	8 00	12 00	4 12
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52
3 40		8 33	Laurelton	7 30		3 40
5 00		9 48	Oburn	6 18		2 20
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50
		10 20	Centre Hall			1 28
		10 45	Gregg			1 19
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 08
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 10 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 50 p m.

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ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And stilled is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan,
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling;
My voices echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling;
With its yearning, my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes,
Old sorrows rise up before me;
Old doubts make my spirit thy own,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.

THE OUTWARD SEEMING.

"No, not a single cent will they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins, with a peculiar expression of her thin lips, as she took her spectacles from her nose, and slowly replaced in its envelope the letter she had been reading from her friend, Miss Hepzibah Lockey. "I think I know my duty as well as most folks, an' givin' help to Sarah Bayard an' her children don't come under that head."

"But bein' as they're your own kin," said Miss Hepzibah, deprecatingly, "it's only natural for 'em to look to you."

"Let 'em look. They'll take it out in lookin'. I told Tom when he married Sarah Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it. She was allers spindlin' an' sort o'helpless. But Tom was that headstrong he wouldn't listen to anybody. He spent his last cent in buyin' that farm over to Milford, an' then had to mortgage it 'fore he could start his crops."

"It was unfortunate his dyin' so soon," said Miss Hepzibah, who was a kindly old soul. "If he'd lived a couple o' years more he'd paid for the place an' left Sarah comfortable. I shouldn't wonder but she's had a hard pull these two years to get along with those three children."

"Most likely she has. But I don't see as I'm called on to shoulder her burdens with her. Goodness knows I've enough already without lookin' out for any more."

"Yes, your hands are pretty full—that's a fact," said Miss Hepzibah, "I hear folks sayin' every day that they don't know what the minister would do without you."

"I reckon I've labored pretty faithful in the Master's vineyard," said Miss Sarah, "If I do say it."

"And you'll get your reward, Miss Jenkins, said Miss Hepzibah, as she rose to go. "You can allers take comfort in thinkin' that. But I do wish you could see your way to help Susan a bit."

"She don't deserve help," and Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly acid. "She'd oughter have taken my advice in the first place. I told 'em how it would be, an' it comes out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too everlastin' delicate, an' would break down in less'n five years. But he would have his own way an' marry her, an' now she's laid up—just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said Miss Hepzibah, as she went out. "But you know young people is gener'lly mortal headstrong."

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute; and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone she sat for some time with her hands in her lap, thinking over the contents of the letter she had just received.

Tom's marriage to Sarah Bayard, an orphan daughter to the man who, to use the expression of his neighbors, had never been "forehanded," had not pleased his sister, who thought Sarah far too delicate and dainty to prove of such help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

Tom, however, had been very happy in his wedded life, and had never regretted his choice, as he took pains to say to his sister whenever he wrote to her.

And Miss Sarah, who wasn't as good a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her heart against Sarah.

Tom's death seven years after his marriage, was a terrible blow to his wife and his children, who were left almost penniless.

But Sarah, knowing the way in which she was regarded by her sister-in-law, did not dream of calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the poor young widow secured the position of teacher in a district school, and for two years, on a very slender salary, had managed to keep the wolf from her door.

Then the mortgage on her home was foreclosed, and a long illness which followed her removal from the farm to a small room in the village of Milford, made it necessary for the trustees of the school to appoint another teacher in her place.

The sale of the furniture of the farmhouse provided Sarah with money to defray her expenses during her illness; but she found herself when convalescent utterly penniless, and with three children looking to her for support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth only sympathy and pity from its recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah only a strange sort of pleasure in being able to say at last, "I told you so."

As she sat at her kitchen window that warm July afternoon, the quiet broken only by the ticking of the large eight-day clock, and the purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she should write in reply; in what words she would remind Sarah of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor at his sister's hands."

The clock struck four with a loud, whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her revery, and she sprang up, surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

I'll let her wait a while for an answer, she thought. "It'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the middle-lot. First thing I know them peaky town-boys will be after 'em and I won't get none for jam."

She put on her sunbonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry, went out. She paused on the path that led to the meadow to look back to the house, thinking it was very likely Sarah had calculated on being asked to take her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, with roomy chambers, wide fireplaces and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were all shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been grown. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she had made him a present of five hundred dollars when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same toward him since, though she tried to heed the old motto, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," whenever she spoke of him.

The blackberries in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plenteous that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in filling her pail in a very short time.

It occurred to her as she walked homeward that perhaps the minister's wife might want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries, such as these. So, on reaching home Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and, starting out again, turned her steps towards the village.

"I look such a sight in this sunbonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought, as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived. "Like as not they've got compano to tea."

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, and her eyes fell on a very delightful shaded arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to goodness I'd brought my umbrella."

She concluded that she was sufficiently cooled off to present herself at the house, when she heard voices, and peering out through the vines, with which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the garden path.

Miss Sarah drew back, and wished very sincerely that she had not thought of bringing the berries, or had stopped at home long enough to put on a nice dress; for the lady was a stranger, and looked so exquisitely neat and cool that Miss Sarah felt herself by contrast disgracefully untidy.

She had no doubt that the minister was about to show his companion the way to the arbor, and her heart sank at the thought of being found in such a plight. But suddenly the stranger paused, and bent to pick a rose of great beauty.

"If we could only be like this rose," she said, "as fair within as without."

"You forget," said Mr. Lawton, "how often we see worms eating into the very heart of the most beautiful roses."

"Is nothing true then? Are we never able to put faith in the 'outward seeming? of anything or anyone?"

"Those who make the loudest professions are often the most corrupt," said the minister, "and, as I was saying a moment ago, there are so many, oh, so many, who think themselves Christians because they go regularly to church, teach in the Sunday school, use no bad language and give liberally to the missions. But they do not think it necessary to guard their thoughts, to fill their daily lives with little acts of kindness. Now, you are a stranger here and are to leave us to-morrow, so I can speak to you as I could not to one familiar with the people who make up my congregation. I will give you a case in point. I have in my church a woman of middle age, who lives alone on a farm a couple of miles from the village. She is very active in the church, is always ready to visit the sick or give to the poor. She has provided for the education of several heathens in Africa, and has taught a class of men in the penitentiary, visited the jail and made herself generally useful. But, nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and sordid to a pitiable degree. She does nothing without making a show about it, so as to be well regarded among men. For years she cherished feelings against an only brother, because he did not marry to suit her, and I was told not an hour ago, that she had declared her intention not to help in any way that brother's sick and penniless widow and children. She speaks of them with bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that at last they are compelled to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to speak to her on the subject, but she would be highly insulted, I know, if I ventured to call her to account for her want of charity and natural affection. She thinks herself a Christian, but in my opinion she is very far from being anything of the kind. She will come to church next Thursday night and pray earnestly for the forgiveness of her sins and for help to walk in the right way. But she prays only with her lips; her heart has nothing to do with it. She thinks and cares only for the outside seeming, and so—"

At this moment little Luly Lawton interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready, and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah had heard enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor, as soon as she could without being perceived, she left her pail and berries behind. She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of what the minister had said.

Reaching home she sat down in the big rockingchair by the kitchen stove, and leaning her chin on her hand stared before her with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward—for the first time in her life.

"Only the outward seeming," she murmured; over and over, inaudibly, as if the sound of the words frightened her, "and after all these years I've only just found out that I'm not a Christian."

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not come to the regular prayer-meeting on Thursday night, and when he called to see her on Friday he was surprised to see three curly headed children making mud pies in the front yard who informed him in a loud chorus that they had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah welcomed him very cordially, and although she felt tired and warm after her journey to Milford, she seemed quite happy.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat.

"Yes, it'll be a surprise to most folks, but I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be well rewarded for bringing your sister and her children here. Your life was very lonely."

"Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out o' it; seems sought o' nice to see 'em round, for they're well mannered children. Sarah's been very particular about 'em. Did you notice the boy as you come in? He's the very moral o' Tom."

As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty.

Early in the following winter Miss Jenkins invited her minister and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupying a position before Mrs. Lawton.

"I'm so fond of blackberry jam," said the lady, as she helped herself to the article in question. "I put up a lot of it last summer, but the nicest I made was from some berries my little girl found in the arbor in our garden. We never knew who left them there, but took it for granted they were left there for us, and so took possession of them, pail and all, Lulu called it my mystery jam. I've often wondered if the mystery would never be explained."

But it never was.

An Important Food Reform.

Discoveries of much importance on account of the relation they bear toward a more wholesome supply and consequently upon the public health, have been recently made in the process of refining cream of tartar. Cream of tartar, as is well known, is a bitartrate of potassa purified from the crude tartar, or argol, which collects in a crystalline deposit upon the bottom and sides of wine casks during the fermentation of the wine. This tartar, in its crude state, contains lime and other impurities, which no process of refining known prior to that here described was able to entirely remove. It has been possible, it is true, to neutralize the lime to some extent by the aid of chemicals, and this method was resorted to in order to procure cream of tartar in small quantities for pharmaceutical purposes; but it was open to serious objection in view of the fact that the chemicals employed for this purpose were not always washed out but remained in quantities that were uncertain and prejudicial to its quality. The supposed impossibility of removing the lime has, accordingly, caused cream of tartar to be classed and sold as pure when it did not contain more than five per cent. of this impurity. The major part, however, of that used in commerce, or for culinary purposes, contains the tartrate of lime to an extent much greater than five per cent. not infrequently being found, upon analysis, or debased to a degree equaling one-fourth or more of its entire weight.

If you have the means of travel, the best time for this enjoyment is after fifty. You will then have read enough to make travel useful and profitable.

If a four-inch and a two-inch shaft are both solid, and each makes one-hundred or any other given number of turns in one minute or other specified time, six times as much power will be consumed in turning the larger as in turning the smaller shaft.

The aluminium pyramid which forms the apex of the Washington monument has a perpendicular elevation of 9¼ inches, and each side of the base measures 5½ inches. Its weight is a hundred ounces. If it were made of copper its weight would be 326 ounces. The surface appears much whiter than silver, and is so highly polished that it reflects as a plate-glass mirror. The pyramid of pure aluminium was produced from American ore, and it is the largest block of that metal ever cast or made in any country.

To determine the vexed question whether the level of the Baltic was rising or sinking, water-marks or gauges were set up in 1750, renewed about a century later, and finally repaired last year. At short, regular intervals the gauges were inspected, and the readings carefully noted. The records of 134 years now show beyond all cavil that while the Scandinavian coast has been steadily rising, the southern littoral of the Baltic has been as steadily sinking. Since 1750 the coast of Sweden has been upheaved on an average nearly fifty-six inches. No change has been perceptible on a line which passes from the Swedis coast over Bornholm and Laland to the Schleswig-Holstein shore.

A Rift in the Clouds.

"Marian, dear, how is the morning, fair or cloudy?" inquired Ethel Ray, turning on the invalid couch, where she lay day as well night.

Marian swept the scant curtain back from the narrow window of their poor room.

"Dark and cloudy," she replied, the cold dreariness of the new day striking a chill to her sensitive, heavily-burdened heart. A tired, hopeless look swept over her delicate, noble face, leaving a slight droop at the corners of her mouth, a shadow in her eyes. Ethel saw the change of expression, and for a moment her own grew less cheerful and bright.

"Never mind; there will be a rift in the clouds by and by," she said, with renewed hope.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet," said Marian, still looking out on the street.

A poor beggar crept feebly along, his rags fluttering in the bitter wind, and in pity for a lot sadder than her own the girl lost some of her discontent. She turned from the window with a brighter expression and put on her hat and cloak to start out on that weary round of music lessons which were their support.

"I am sorry to leave you all day, Ethel, but it will be late before I can get through."

"Do not fret about me, Marian. Mrs. O'Malley will come in and give me my lunch and a fresh glass of water, and I have this beautiful lace to mend for Miss Constantine, and that magazine you brought me yesterday to read. Oh, I shall be fully occupied until you return."

"Well, well, it is comforting to have so brave and busy a little sister at home. I think of it often when I am out, and it gives me courage," said Marian, bending over the couch with tender, misty eyes.

The crippled girl clasped the slender hand caressing her hair, and drew it down close to her pale cheek.

"Am I a help to you Marian? Oh, that thought makes me happy! I lie here such a helpless, useless creature; sometimes I have feared that I was only a burden to you."

"Never think that again, dear one—never. If it were not for you——"

She broke off, and stooping, kissed the sweet pale face resting on the pillow, but when she would have moved away, Ethel held her a moment longer.

"Marian, darling, do not lose your faith and hope. There will be clear sunshine after awhile, and all the dark clouds will vanish."

"I will try to think so," she replied, with a smile—a smile that vanished the moment she left her sister's presence, and memory began to bring up one by one the events of the two years just passed.

The girls had been left orphans at an early age, but with property sufficient to supply all they could ever need, not only of necessities, but even luxuries. Their guardian controlled and managed the money, and they lived in his house, under the care of his good-hearted maiden sister. Ethel had always been lame and delicate, but Marian went out into the world, seeing and enjoying its beauties and pleasures.

Walking swiftly along to give her first music lesson, she drew a sharp breath of anguish, as memory too faithfully recalled all the glory and happiness of a three months tour in Europe, with a party of friends, just before the downfall of fortune. At the very outset they met Mark Keller, handsome, traveled, and to the young girl a very king among men. He joined the party, and singled her out as the object of his attentions. The routes they traveled he had been over before, and he could point out all that was beautiful or interesting. It was a golden season, and the girl's heart surrendered in spite of womanly pride and reluctance. But she had no cause to feel shame or to believe her love unsought for. One mellow, moonlight night in an old Italian garden he stretched out his hand to her with sudden, passionate words of love, and so eloquently did he plead for the sweet gift of all her future life, she could not withhold the promise to be his wife.

"You shall never regret it. You shall be happy," he cried, with a lover's confidence.

"I am happy now," she whispered, flushed and shy, but radiant.

They wandered long among the flowers, feeling that heaven lay about them; but the next morning the girl received bad news from home. She only made out clearly that her presence was needed, and with only one regretful sigh for the bright dreams she had cherished, she began preparations for the long journey. Keller earnestly begged to be allowed to accompany her, but she gently refused. He must go on with their friends, and if she needed him, she would write for him to come.

"I shall come on in a few weeks whether you send for me or not. We must finish this interrupted tour together, Marian."

She returned home to find their guardian dead and their fortune gone, swept away in some ill-advised speculation. The maiden lady sought a home with relatives, and Marian Ray found herself among the world's workers, and with a helpless invalid to take care of. Helpless, did I say? Nay, she was the only hope and comfort of poor Marian's heart, for her handsome, wealthy lover came not, and the letter she wrote to him explaining their reverse of fortune remained unanswered. She tried to think of him with contempt, to hold the love that failed in the hour of her bitterest need as valueless, but she only succeeded in tormenting her own faithful, loving heart, which, in spite of pride and reason, clung to that short, sweet romance with a hold death alone could break.

All day she walked from house to house through the bitter cold, while the clouds hung dull and heavy over the city; but, when, her day's work ended, she started home in the evening, a strip of blue had appeared overhead. She lifted her eyes to it, and saw the clouds part wider and wider, until the little rift had become a broad bright space across the heavens.

"Dear Ethel! She would rejoice in that, and call it a happy omen, but I cannot," she thought with a happy smile that ended in a sigh.

It was dark when she reached home, and hurrying eagerly up stairs she pushed open the door, anxious to be with her sister as soon as possible. They were careful with the fuel, with everything; necessity forced them to study economy, and Marian expected to find the room in darkness, only a scanty handful of coals in the grate. She entered, to find a glowing fire and the table set with dainties, while the little teakettle steamed merrily on the hearth.

"Ethel!" she cried, hastily throwing off her hat and wraps, and turning toward her sister's bed.

"Oh, Marian, sister!" cried the invalid, in a voice trembling with strange emotion; then Marian felt her heart leap in a suffocating throb of pain and rapture, for out of the semi-darkness of the corner Mark Keller advanced, with outstretched hands to meet her.

"Marian have you no welcome for me?"

A chilling remembrance of all silence and neglect swept over her, and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I—I welcome you, Mr. Keller," she said, stiffly, and stepping back a little.

"What! Have you forgotten?" he cried in keenest disappointment.

"No, sir; it is because I remember that I can give you no friendlier greeting. I wonder that you can expect it after such a long neglect and coldness. I cannot pass over such slights."

"But, Marian, he did not get your letter, and he could not come when he intended, for a hurt received among the Alps kept him a prisoner for several weeks, and then he had to search and search, and has just found us," said Ethel, half raising herself up, the crimson firelight giving even her pale face a roseate tint.

Marian's face changed and her eyes mutely questioned her lover's.

"It is all true. Could you believe I loved you so lightly?" he murmured; and this time she did not shrink back when he approached, but gave him the welcome he craved.

"'Tis the rift in the clouds. Hope said it would come, and I had faith to believe, thank God."

Ethel fell softly back among her pillows, her delicate hands clasped, her eyes radiant.

Shakespeare's Heroines.

There are poets and artists whose genius brings forth men-children only. The greatest of Shakespeare's fellow dramatists, Ben Johnson, was one of these. Admirable as were his wit, his judgment, his learning, his satiric power, his knowledge of life, his reverence for art, his constructive talent, he could not fashion a noble or beautiful woman. Ben Johnson wrought superbly in bronze, and ran his metal into carefully constructed molds; he could not work in such finer elements of air and light as those from which a Miranda is framed, and some of these subtle elements enter into each of Shakespeare's heroines. On the other hand, a far less robust genius John Webster one of Shakespeare's dramatic disciples, delighted in nothing so much as in full-length studies of tragic female figures. There are indeed wonderful creations in his plays beside these—sinister and cynical faces of men apparent in the gloom. But in his greatest dramas all exists for the sake of the one woman after whom each drama is named—the Duchess of Malfi, Webster's lady of sorrow, and his White Devil, Vittoria Corombona, on whom, splendid in her crime, he turns a high light of imagination that dazzles while we gaze. This was not Shakespeare's method. In no play of his do we find a woman as center of the piece, or conceived as a dramatic unit. And hence indeed it is almost an error to study the character of any of Shakespeare's heroines apart from the associate with whom she plays her part. *Beatrice* is hardly intelligible apart from *Benedick;* the echoing voice of love rebounds and rebounds in Romeo and Juliet," inextricably intermingling from lover to lover, until death has stilled all sound; in that circle of traitors through which Shakespeare leads us in his "Inferno," *Macbeth* and his Queen are miserably united for ever by their crime and its retribution.

The Fashions in Jokes.

The plumber joke is getting a little out of season, but it may be packed in camphor and will be in style when the freezes come again.

The roller skate joke is very popular, and is worn on all occasions, either with or without trimming.

The rich editor joke does not appear to pall upon the taste. It is quite becoming when worn with passementerie edging.

Spring poetry jokes are undergoing a revival, and are quite au fait in recherche circles. With a waste basket overskirt, they may be worn either morning or evening in the house.

The young-man-and-girl's pa joke holds its own, and is really one of the most popular and fashionable seen in polite society.

The mule joke is relegated to the commoner classes, and may be called 'old-fashioned.' It is still in favor in the rural districts, and seems destined to continue for several years.

The angry-wife-at-3-o'clock-in-the-morning joke is not in such favor as formerly, but still many insist upon making it a part of their daily wear.

The liver pad joke has almost disappeared. Occasionally, however, it may be seen tied with a knot of ribbon quite prettily.

The honest politician joke is too decollete to be popular. If cut high in the neck, it might reign for a brief season.

The sleeping policeman joke had many friends and bade fair to become courtly in its style, but it lacked tone and feel into line with ordinary styles.

Puns are popular with all classes. They may be worn as bangles and in an infinite variety of ways.

The boarding house pie, hash or gum shoe steak joke enjoys a periodical renaissance and seem to retain its original lustre. When made up properly it is still a favorite.

The young-husband paregoric joke may be worn on evening occasions, and it is not altogether out of style.

Types of Beauty.

In Paris more than in New York or in any other great city, there is a decided fashion in beauty as well as in dress, which changes as regularly as do the seasons, and which sometimes takes very queer and curious freaks. For instance, last spring the type of beauty that was all the rage was what was termed the "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti style. This type of beauty is assuredly one of the most peculiar known. It was originated by the Princess de Sagan, who is a great leader of fashion in Paris, and who appeared in her box at the opera one evening gotten up in the wonderfully striking "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti style." The most noticeable of this style of beauty is the hair, which is dyed green, and arranged in a pyramid fashion on the top of the head. Strange to say, the green hair, though of course looking unnatural, is very pretty and odd. It is dyed the most delicate and lovely shade of green that is known, namely, Nile-green. The complexion that goes with this hair must be like a soft, blushing peach, all cream and white. The eyes are black or brown, the lips their natural color, and the eyebrows dyed to match the hair. Floating gowns, white in color, and composed of airy, fairy tulle, or faille, are always worn with this type of beauty. Every woman in Paris had the mania for appearing like a "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti beauty" for a while, but at present in Paris, which by the way Victor Hugo calls the "centre of civilization, green hair reigns no more, and Dame Fashion dictates that her daughters shall now appear in as many different styles of beauty as possible, believing no doubt, that variety is the spice of life."

In New York, for the past two seasons, there has been great rivalry existing between the lovely blonde and the darling brunette beauties. The war still wages furiously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, and whether blonde beaties or their darker sisters will lead this winter, and which will be the more popular. We do not often see in one metropolis as many real blondes and as many true brunettes as we have in New York. A real blonde has light hair with streaks of gold through it, eyes that look like wild violets, complexion rare and white, with a delicate flush on the cheek, and light eyebrows the color of the hair. True blondes never have dark eyebrows.

If a woman has all the above requirements that go to make up a blonde, and dark or black eyebrows, her beauty comes under another type known as the "Van Dyke Blonde," of which Lady Mandeville is one of the most striking examples we have ever seen. Her hair is a wonderful yellow, her complexion fair as a lily, and her eyes black as sloes, with eyebrows to match. "The Van Dyke blonde" is a type of beauty not often seen. It is considered by far the more distingue type.

Although almost everbody knows what is requisite to be a true brunette, there are still a few who are not even yet educated up to it, and who call a woman who has a dark clear skin, "cheeks likes roses and lips like the cherry," hair purplish black, and dark grey eyes, a brunette. No woman is a true brunette who has not very brown or very black eyes.

What is known as the "Irish type" of beauty is one of the loveliest. No eye is so blue, so large, so expressive or so heavily fringed as that of the possessor of this type; no hair is so glossy and dark and heavy; no complexion so rosy and healthful, and to people in general this type is the most bewitching and fascinating.

A type of beauty which has seen its day, but of which we see representatives occasionally, is what is known as the "strawberry blondes." Brick-red hair, blue eyes and fair, pink complexions are the accompaniments of this type. The "yellow blonde" is another type which is rapidly going out of fashion, and "yellow blondes" are seldom seen now except on the stage. Fanny Davenport is an example of this type.

The daughters of Spain and Italy are the best examples of the brunette type of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type; those of southern Ireland of the Irish type, and those of Greece of the Van Dyke type.

Here in America we have a mixture of all types, as we have a mixture of all nations. The true American type of beauty, however, is neither of the blonde nor brunette, Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has hair soft and brown, eyes of grey or blue, complexion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expression.

The Wax Plant.

The wax plant of Carolina and Pennsylvania is now grown on an industrial scale in Algeria. The fruit, inclosed in a bag or coarse cloth, is plunged into boiling water, on the surface of which the liquid wax floats after a few seconds and is skimmed off and dried. This wax, of the same chemical composition as beeswax, makes an excellent substitute for it for laundry and similar purposes.

Luminous water-proof paper may be made from a mixture of forty parts pulp, ten parts phosphorescent powder, one part gelatine, one part potassium bichromate, and ten parts of water. It can often be used where luminous paint cannot.

Distilled water saturated with oxygen is now prepared in Paris, and is rapidly gaining favor.—Aside from its healthfulness for ordinary table use, it is said to be valuable in the treatment of disease of digestive organs.

The Dutch Government has had collected the reports of 1300 eye witnesses in order to prepare an accurate history of the Krakatoa volcanic eruption, which many suppose was the cause of the wonderful sky-glows seen over a large part of the world.

AGRICULTURE.

A BUSINESS GAIT.—A good walking gait for a horse is best. Few farmers think of this; most of them want the colt to be a trotter. The trotter craze has been an awful curse to the country. It makes me sick to think of it. How many young men have gone to the bad on account of it; and what good does it all do? The horses of to day are not the equals in endurance of those of the fathers. The horses of earlier days did more and harder work, lived together and kept sounder than ours. They trot faster now, but what of that? It is a virtue, if it is, which makes vice. Teach the colt to walk, to start on a walk, and to keep on walking until it is bidden to go faster; such a colt will make a pleasant driver and last longer, and will be worth a great deal more to a sensible man. Break the colt before he is harnessed to any vehicle. It will make a safer and more easily managed animal. I have such a horse, and the other day he saved the team because he would not run away with his mate. He walked, and turned in at home all right, with a big load of coal. The driver carelessly left them without tying, and it was cold. A fast-walking horse will go further and faster than one broken to go by spurts, and do it easier and last longer. When a working-horse is pushed to a trot it will walk every chance it gets and walks slow to get its breath and rest. A driving-horse with a light draft can trot with more ease, but a good walker on a long beat will make the time much sooner than one could suppose.

TREAT all horses kindly, both in and out of the stable. Give them clean beds at night. Use the curry-comb lightly otherwise it is a source of great pain, especially to thin-skinned and nervous animals. Let the heels be well brushed out every night. Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is rubbed dry; he may get a chill if neglected. When a horse comes in from a journey, hot from over-driving or work, walk him about until he gets cooled off, then groom him with straw and a good brush, and rub his legs well with the hands. If possible, let the horse have some exercise every day; standing in the stable is conductive to dry and cracked feet. To cure or prevent this trouble, use beef-brine turned into the bottom of the uplifted foot, and an ointment for the hoofs composed partly of hog's lard. Water regularly, but not too soon after feeding; feed liberally, but do not overfeed. Salt at all times is in order, with wood-ashes occasionly. Good, bright oat-straw, cut and mixed with corn-meal, makes an economical, as well as a sufficient feed for horses in Winter, when doing but little hard work.

THE only kind of soil which is almost hopeless for good farming is one in which the subsoil is a quicksand. It leaches away the manure as rapidly as it is applied. It is difficult to underdrain such land, for the tile or stone sink down and speedily choke the passage. In draining we often come to streaks of quicksand varying from a few inches to several feet in width. If the sand is short enough for a tile to reach across, resting both ends on solid ground then in such places such tile should always be used. We have used hemlock boards under the tile to bridge a quicksand of several feet, and the drain has done good service more than twenty years and is yet in good condition.

IMPLEMENTS, of every kind, even the mowers and reapers and fodder cutters should be cleaned and put in order for use. There will be many wet days in which this may be done. Of course every farmer should have these undercover. To clean gum from gearing, kerosene oil is the best material; it will also loosen rusty screws. Every part of the machines should be cleaned, turned around and well oiled. Plows may be scoured with a soft brick and water, and will then be ready for use; harrow teeth should be sharpened and driven up tight and even and so on through all the list.

A few loose flowers arranged in a dish or bowl, in the centre of the table, are quite an addition. It is sometimes difficult to arrange them in a wide dish, as they fall into the centre and do not show to advantage. To overcome this difficulty have a small network of wire with quite large meshes. This is made to fit almost any dish by means of a sliding-catch, as in a lamp-shade. The stems in this way reach the water, while the wire supports the body of the flower. Flowers will make more show in this way, as they don't depend for support on one another.

THE vegetable mould in swamps, both of a peaty character, and that containing a large proportion of earth or sand, with more or less top-sod, affords an excellent addition to composts for field and garden use. The best plan is to lay it up in a large heap, sprinkling the layers, which should be about six inches thick, with slaked lime. The lime acts promptly, and after once working over, it may be mixed with stable or barnyard manure, or used as an absorbent. Each layer should be whitened with the lime, but not mixed with stable manure.

THE bast which our gardeners and others find so useful for tying buds and other purposes, is an important manufacture in Russia. In the province of Viatka, which has a population of less than two millions, there are half a million of linden or basswood trees cut down annually for the sake of the bark. The inner bark is made into mats and sacks, of which nine hundred thousand of the fotmer and six hundred thousand of the latter are sold each year.

THE agricultural papers have most thoroughly exposed the evils resulting from allowing cows to drink from stagnant ponds or from water that has remained too long in troughs. The sweetest, purest and most milk is obtained when cows have ready access to clear, pure water.

IF an animal gets out of condition and does not seem to relish its food a little pure flaxseed boiled in oats and fed two quarts at a time will generally bring them back to a sense of hunger again.

Most soils are deficient in phosphoric acid. It is for this reason that bone flour in most cases gives decided results. But when bone flour does not give any results, you may assume one of two things, viz., either that your land needs also potash and nitrogen, or that it is already well supplied with plant food.

Worse Than Firearms.

The editor of an Omaha paper, in commenting on several cases in that city where children died from the effects of taking cough syrup containing morphia, remarks that opiates, poisons and narcotics are more dangerous than firearms. Mothers should note this and furthermore that different Boards of Health, after making careful analyses, have certified that the only purely vegetable preparation of this kind, and one that is in every way harmless, prompt and effective, is Red Star Cough Cure. Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore, and the Commissioner of Health, have publicly endorsed this valuable discovery.

Somebody else will if I don't. This is one of the devil's best proverbs.

FOUR SCORE YEARS AND TEN have not seen the equal of Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, and Hay Fever. It works like magic, giving relief at once, and permanent benefit. A thorough treatment cures the worst cases. Apply with the finger into the nostrils. Price 50 cents at druggists, 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Choose those companions who administer to your improvement.

He Knows It.

Hiram D. Maxfield, formerly of Silver Springs, R. I., has no doubt about the wonderful curative powers of Kidney-Wort. He was so afflicted with Kidney Complaint that he could not stand on his feet from pain and weakness. As soon as he commenced using Kidney-Wort he experienced immediate relief and at once began to grow strong and was relieved of all pain and unpleasantness. He says: "I *know* I have been cured by Kidney-Wort."

The more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

See Here Young Man

That girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline, the World Renowned Hair Renewer. I would not have her do without it for anything.

Cast no dirt into the well that has given water when you were thirsty.

☞ALL LADIES SHOULD KNOW THAT hoods, scarfs, ribbons and all fancy articles can be made any color wanted with Diamond Dyes. All the popular colors. 10c. at druggists. None equal them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

If you wish to remove avarice, you must remove its mother—luxury.

A COLD of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y.

It is chance that makes brothers, but hearts that make friends.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

The error you hate, unless God keep you, you will embrace.

THE purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

Mothers

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

The White Plume celery is a sport from the Half Dwarf variety.



WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 83 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

In order to enrich the blood, and thus impart fresh vigor to the enfeebled system, stimulate flagging digestion with the national invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, by infusing energy into the operations of the stomach, promotes, nay, insures thorough digestion and assimilation, and consequent nutrition. A gain to appetite, vigor and flesh, is invariably found to follow a course of this deservedly popular tonic, which is, moreover, a reliable preventive of malarial fevers. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

RED STAR

TRADE RED STAR MARK

COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it, for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Owners and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

DOMESTIC.

APRONS.—Very pretty aprons are made of a square of linen scrim, a hem of about two inches in width, and above that alternate places where the threads are drawn out about a fourth of an inch and left plain for the same distance. Into the open spaces the narrower ribbon is run in and out of every three or four threads. The ribbons are of contrasting colors, and the border thus formed is unique. One apron made in this way has rainbow colors in the border. Another way is to hem the scrim both ends; in one hem run a pink ribbon to full it on and to serve for strings. Hemstitch the other hem and embroider a spray of pink flowers on one side. Turn the other corner over on the right side of the material, and fasten with a bow of pink and dark green ribbons. These have a very dashy little look, and are especially pretty for young ladies. A very good apron for a maid is a clothespin apron made of two pieces of ticking the same size; these are fastened together in a band for the waist, the lower corners are rounded; in the upper piece of ticking make two round holes large enough to admit the hands, bind or stitch firmly around the edge. This is convenient for hanging out or taking in clothes, and the pins can be kept in it and be always ready for use. A very neat little apron can be made of the plaided crash or glass toweling. Work the alternate squares in two rows with red crewel stars, this makes a border, and if wash crewel is used the apron is very durable, and will retain its beauty after being laundried.

WHITEWASH.—The following is a recipe for preparing whitewash: Take the very best stone lime and slack it in a close tub, covered with a cloth to preserve the steam. Salt—as much as can be dissolved in the water used for slacking and reducing the lime—should be applied, and the whole mass carefully strained and thickened with a small quantity of sand, the finer and purer the better. A few pounds of wheat flour mixed as a paste may be added and will give greater durability to the mass, especially when applied to the exterior of buildings. With pure lime, properly slacked and mixed with twice its weight of fine sand and sifted wood ashes in equal proportions, although any color may be made by the addition of pigments, granite, slate, freestone and other shades may be imitated, and without any detriment to the durability of the wash. This covering is very often applied, and with good effect, to underpinning, stone fences, roofs and the walls of barns and other outbuildings. Probably the pure whitewash is more healthy than the colored, as its alkalescent properties are superior, and when used in cellars, kitchens and sleeping apartments produce salutary results. No person who regards the health of his family should neglect to apply a coat of it every spring. Country places, especially farm houses, fences, etc., are greatly improved in appearance by an annual coat of whitewash, and will add to their permanency much more than many would imagine. It is cheap, and so easily applied that neither expense nor labor can be pleaded against it.

WEDDING CAKE.—Three pounds of butter creamed with three pounds of brown sugar, two dozen of eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, four pounds of raisins (after they have been seeded,) chopped fine, five pounds of currants, after they have been picked over, washed and set aside to dry, two pounds of citron, sliced very thin and chopped fine, two nutmegs grated down, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground mace, two pounds of sifted flour, cream butter and sugar, add yolks, then two-thirds of the flour, alternating with the whites of the eggs, then add spices. Dust the fruit well with the remaining third of the flour and mix in at the very last.

AN EXCELLENT SIDE DISH.—Cold fowl left over from dinner may help to make an excellent side dish; cut it into rather small pieces, put a large lump of butter into a saucepan; brown the meat in that; sprinkle pepper and salt and some flour over it, and when the meat is brown add half a pint of stock, which need not be very rich to be good, and a pint of canned peas; heat to the boiling point, and then serve. Mushrooms may be used in the place of peas, and the proportions given above may be regulated by the quantity of fowl which you may have.

BREAKFAST DISH.—Cut one pound of ox kidney in slices half an inch thick and put them in the bottom of a saucepan with a little pepper; add a pint of water and simmer gently for two hours. At the end of that time add a small cupful of canned or dried mushrooms and salt to taste; simmer for half an hour longer and pour into a dish. In the morning skim off all the fat and put the stewed kidney and mushrooms in a saucepan on the stove until they reach the boiling point. Make some rather thick slices of toast, lay them in a hot dish and pour the kidneys, mushrooms and gravy over them and serve them hot.

For testing gold, make a liquid consisting of nitric acid, one ounce; water, two drams; and muriatic acid, one-half scruple. Mix the ingredients well, and keep the solution in a bottle with a glass stopper. With a glass rod which has been dipped in the mixture touch the metal and watch the action. If no effect is produced on the metal it is either gold or gold plated. If the "gold" is very low or less than nine karat, the acid will boil green, and base metal is at once detected by the mark left by the acid. To test silver, apply a drop of a solution of nitric acid, three ounces: water, one ounce; and bichromate of potash, one-half ounce; and wipe off the drop immediately with a sponge and water. If a blood-red mark results, the metal is silver or the article is silver plated.

The statement has been made by Professor Tyndall, before the Royal Institution, that the purest water he was ever able to find was obtained by melting a block of pure ice; but that even this required extreme caution to insure success. The water of the chalk districts of England he pronounces remarkably pure, and but for its hardness, or the amount of carbonate of lime held in solution, would be unexcelled. In some places the water is subjected to a special preparation that causes a deposit of lime, namely, by adding clear prepared lime-water to the chalk-water, thus causing a precipitate of carbonate of lime to the bottom of the reservoir; this reduces the salt percentage from seventeen to three, leaving a water of extraordinary beauty and purity.

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Complicated and obstinate cases of blood taints, ulcers, obstructions, unnatural discharges, exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous, mental, and organic debility, varicocele, hydrocele, diseases of prostrate gland, kidneys and bladder, piles, fistulas and rupture, all permanently cured. Staff of twelve expert specialists in constant attendence, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America. Send history of case and address for illustrated pamphlet of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Virtue is not more exempt than vice from the ills of fate, but always contains within itself an energy to resist them, sometimes an anodyne to soothe.

Drowsiness in Day-time

unless caused by lack of sleep or from overeating, is a symptom of disease. If it be accompanied by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and sallow complexion, you may be sure that you are suffering from biliousness and consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the corn-field."

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Failure after long perseverance is much nobler than never to have striven and so have incurred failure.

To Railroad Men.

LOWELL, May 4, 1883.

"For six years I had kidney disease with pain in back and hips. I improved on one bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and two bottles cured me."—W. H. Blanchard, Boston & Lowell R. R.

Nearly All the Troubles

of both sexes, that are not sufficiently severe or pronounced to have a name, but which if not taken care of, develop into something serious, have their foundation in derangements of the liver and kidneys. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY never fails.

"For nearly a whole year I was an invalid, a living, powerless subject of the most dreadful of all diseases, 'kidney complaint.' I commenced taking HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and began to improve, used eight bottles and to-day consider myself as well as ever."—Mrs. L. W. Clark, 109 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

Faith makes the heart firm, love makes it soft, hope expands it.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

Commit a crime and you think everyone is talking of it.

WE HAVE used Ely's Cream Balm in our home for nearly two years, and find it the best medicine we have ever used for colds or catarrh.—J. C. Vasselin, Covington, Tioga Co., Pa

Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

Besson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap is used to prevent, cure and heal skin diseases, and to secure a white, soft and beautiful complexion. 25 cents by Druggists or by mail. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa., Manufacturer.

You have cause to tremble if the Bible appears a commonplace book.

They are clean, sweet and thorough in action, cure pain, strengthen weak parts and act instantly. Call for a *Hop Plaster* and get it. 25c. all dealers.

The follies of youth become the vices of manhood and the disgrace of old age.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

A Splendid Dairy

is one that yields its owner a good profit through the whole season. But he must supply the cows with what they need in order for them to be able to keep up their product. When their butter gets light in color he must make it "gilt edged" by using Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color. It gives the golden color of June, and adds five cents per pound to the value of the butter.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being; but to deserve happiness.

GOOD WOMEN

Are noted for the power of keen discrimination and readily detect fraud and appreciate real merit, hence it is you find in our homes, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is true that every one should take, at this season, a blood-purifier, and cleanse the blood and system of the germs of disease, and it is also true that many diseases are warded off by the timely use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its wonderful restoring and renovating properties combined with its power to build up the system, eradicate scrofula and

Cleanse the Blood

of all humors, render it the very best family medicine that can be devised and as a protector from diseases that originate in changes of the seasons, of climate and of life, it cannot be excelled. ☞Price $1.00, six for $5.00. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

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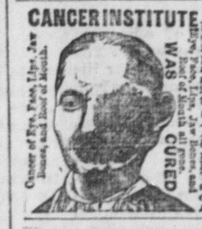
Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

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A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, COLIC, FLATULENCY, AND ALL INTERNAL PAINS.

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The READY RELIEF is almost a specific in this terrible epidemic; if used in time, will save nearly every case. On the first symptom, take a teaspoonful of RELIEF in water, and repeat it as often as the discharges continue, and do not be afraid of taking too much. In confirmed cases of Cholera, take it inwardly, and apply it abundantly to the bowels and extremities, until the circulation is restored and the cramps stopped.

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There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING OF THE JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS IN THE BACK, CHEST OR LIMBS.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and Cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

PRICE, 50 CENTS per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

G has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex

G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the day. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

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No. 4. All over Lace net at 37½.

No. 5. The greatest of all—Men's White Shirts, with Linen bosom, reinforced front, gusseted and finished throughout, at 25 cents.

Ask your merchant for one, and he will tell you they can not be bought. We have them in all sizes, from 13 to 16½.

No. 6. In embroidered dress-goods, we carry India linen, bastiste, chambreys, in handsome paterns.

No. 7. Our parasols are models of beauty and at very low prices.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte*, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Dilworth's coffee is the best. Try it at Dinges' store.

——New lot of White Deer roller flower at Dinges' store.

Ladies' best quality hose, solid colors, only 25 cents—Bee Hive.

Our 49 cent three-button kid gloves take the cake—Bee Hive.

——The grain fields in our county are not convelescing very fast.

——Bellefonte is to have a new opera house. Who will opera-te it?

——Dinges' store is the cheapest because the terms are cash or produce.

Ladies' pin stripe hose, full, regular made, only 20 cents a pair—Bee Hive.

——Very little corn has yet been planted. The weather has been too cool.

In dress goods and silks we challenge comparison in styles and prices—Bee Hive.

——Landlord Moyer, of Madisonburg, will soon become landlord of the Rebersburg hotel.

——J. D. Long & Son's is the place to buy your dishes of all kinds. Call and see them.

——Last Saturday afternoon we had a little snow squall. We think it was decidedly imprudent for May 9.

Largest stock of woolens and the best of work done in the merchant tailoring department of the Bee Hive.

——On Sunday night a freight car was broken into, at the station, and some crackers, tea and sugar stolen.

We are sole agents for Centre county for Dr. D. Clain's corset, the best 50 cent corset in the world—Bee Hive.

——M'Cool's steam saw mill has been removed from Spring Mills to C. W. Hosterman's timber tract in Haines.

——Summer suits at the Philadelphia Branch—new styles—30 per cent lower than elsewhere. Go and see them.

——Mr. Snyder has opeded an implement store at Spring Mills. We wish him success, he is a worthy young man.

——Mr. Barger, of George's Valley, put up a dwelling house, last week, on the mill lot. He is a good boss for such a job.

——Our streets are now clear of houses on their travels and folks can drive along without fear of running over a house.

——Wes. Henny's coach shop, on Church street, is up and adds to this year's improvements. Wes is a good coach maker.

——The water works extension to the station is a success and it flows to the full capacity of the pipes. Another point to the credit of Centre Hall.

——Monday was cold and snow flakes were dancing in the air. We think it is time for the old winter to get out and allow the new winter to step in.

——Mr. Samuel Hazel, of Boiling Sprins, in company with A. C. Ripka, gave the Reporter a call, and remained long enough for a pleasant chat.

——Bartholomew's large new store building, at the station, was raised this week. John F. Hogan has charge of the job, and is doing it in good style.

——Track will be laid from Bellefonte and Oak Hall, beginning this week. By working thus from both ends our branch will soon be completed to Bellefonte.

— The new board walk front of Mingle's should be a reminder to others to do likewise. There are still shabby ones that make it dangerous for pedestrians.

——It is queer that a fellow can carry a larger load of whiskey outside of himself than inside, and its queer that he'll try and put all outside of himself inside.

——Dr. Sumner Musser, of Aaronsburg, contemplates making a trip to Europe shortly for the purpose of visiting some of the medical institutions over there.

——Go to Lewins for clothing—he will give you more and better clothing than any other store in the United States for the same money. Suits for men and boys, in stacks.

——The last grand jury put its foot on the new court house project, and now the Commissioners have concluded to paint the present one. See adv. in "Reporter" for letting.

——In answer to many inquiries of farmers whether chopping will be done in the new roller mill we answer that the feed chopping capacity will be 20 to 25 bushels per hour.

——The *Republican* building is having its roof coated with tar by the owners. When they get down to the sanctum a coat of tar and feathers will be used to beautify the editors in it.

——The wars and rumors of wars across the waters do not scare Lewins & Co. from a further reduction in the prices of ready-made clothing, when all else is on the rise. Low prices and No. 1 bargains in suits is their motto.

——The grain fields in Haines and Penn townships have a better look than up this way. In Brushvalley the fields have not quite as promising an appearance as could be desired.

——Don't forget to call on J. D. Long & Son, Spring Mills, if you want a bargain in dry-goods, groceries, clothing, boots and shoes, hats and every thing new in style, at low prices.

——Mrs. E. L. McLaughlin, of Boston, will lecture in the Centre Hall Evangelical church, Saturday evening, May 16, under the management of the Bellefonte W. C. T. U. Subject, "The Sure Promise of the Future." Let all hear her.

——Mr. Gates, collector for the Bellefonte *Republican*, gave the "Reporter" a call. Our subscription being paid up he made only a water haul with us, but no doubt took in lots of stamps from others. He is quite a pleasant fellow and calculated to take with the ladies.

——Wheat is creeping up slowly in price, and those farmers who took the advice of the Reporter, during the winter when wheat was down to 70 cents, and held on to their wheat, will not regret it now, for it has been gaining slowly and is now close on to a dollar.

— Go to the Philad. Branch for a spring overcoat, and you will get it at a bargain. Spring suits of every style, and cheaper than elsewhere in this state. The Philad. Branch is headquarters for bargains in ready-made clothing. No impositions practiced.

——The annual election of officers of the Penn'a R. R. took place on 4th. The following officers were elected for the Lewisburg and Tyrone branch: President, J. N. DuBarry; directors, G. B. Roberts, Edmund Smith, Wistar Morris, Eli Slifer, James J. P. Coburn, S. C. Stewart.

——The near completion of our railroad by laying track at both ends has so elated the proprietor of the Philadelphia Branch that he has resolved to sell ready-made clothing cheaper than ever. Men and boys' suits can be had at all prices, and much below prices charged elsewhere.

——The Osborne light steel frame Binder, and Osborne Mower, can be seen at Peter Hoffer's shed, near the mill, at the railroad station. Mr. Hoffer will keep samples of these celebrated machines at the above place during this season, and farmers are invited to examine the same. 22ap6t

——After an existence of nearly thirty years, the Bellefonte *Watchman* has just discovered that nice, cool, sparkling water is a good thing to drink—better than whisky, says the Tyrone *Herald*, and it is cruel that it should intimate the *Watchman* fellows have been drinking the other stuff for 30 years.

——Mr. S. Ettlinger who disappeared from Woodward a shot time ago, leaving the school board and private individuals in the lurch financially has not yet returned and that is not the worst—the deeply interested ones fear he won't. We are told he was seen in Milton, Williamsport and Philadelphia.

——Mr. Dunkelberger, of Pleasant Gap, has just completed a 3000 bushel lime stack, on the roller mill lot at this place. The stack was quite artistic in its appearance, which was cone shaped and its regular layers of lime stone and coal presented a sight admired by all. Lime from it will be ready for sale by end of next week.

——Mr. Amos Bytelyon, employed at Grove & Wolf's saw mill, met with a serious mishap on last Friday, which will cost him the use of his right hand. He was trying to adjust something under one of the saws, when his hand was caught and sawed nearly off back of the fingers and tearing out leaders of his arm six inches back of the hand. He will lose the use of his hand entirely.

——Lewins & Co., leading house for ready-made clothing, have an immense stock of new goods. Go and see piles of coats, pants, vests and shirts, and other wear for men and boys and you will be astonished. But still more astonishing are the low prices and great bargains offered. There is nothing to match them in the entire state and least of all in this county. No one purchasing a garment there fails to save several dollars in cash, or has yet regretted making a purchase at the Philad. Branch.

AT THEIR OWN HOME.

At No. 171 Clark avenue, at 8:15 o'clock, Thursday evening, Miss Anna M. C. Newcomer and W. W. Harpster were united in marriage, Rev. T. F. Reeser, of the English Lutheran church, performing the ceremony. There were present none but the parents and relatives of the bride, and a few intimate friends. The bride wore a pretty toilet of dregs of wine, and the groom was attired in a brand new suit of black.

The bride is a daughter of M. E. Newcomer, an old citizen, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars. For two years or more she was employed as compositor in this office, and will make a good wife for Mr. Harpster, who came here from Penn'a nine years ago, and is a trusted and popular employe of the Henny Buggy company. May they live to enjoy many years of happiness.

The bride and groom received a fine lot of presents from relatives and friends at home and abroad.—Freeport *Daily Journal*, April 17.

Mr. Harpster is a native of Centre Hall, whose widowed mother resides opposite the Reporter office. Will has our best wishes with his printer bride.

You will find McDonald's Improved Liver Pills so satisfactory as a corrector of a torpid liver, as a regulator of the bowels, as an eradicator of biliousness, that you will regret not having tried them sooner. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

CULTIVATION AND REFINEMENT.

Hon. B. S. Hewitt, ex-Speaker House Representatives, writes:

"J. A. McDonald—Dear Sir: I have been buying my flavoring extracts for years from a Pittsburg manufacturer. Recently we tried a bottle of yours and found it very good indeed. Enclosed find five dollars. Send me its value in Vanila Extracts.

Moral—always ask for McDonald' Flavoring Extracts. Sold by J. D. Murray.

Increased buoyancy in spirit, perfect assimilation of food, improved appetite, gain in flesh, sound refreshing sleep, heightened color in the cheeks and lips, added brilliancy to the eyes, follow the use of McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative. A bottle or two used in the family would obviate the entire train of spring maladies. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & CO., Philadelphia, Agents.

WOLF & SON

Ask your attention for a few minutes. Don't read this over hastily and thoughtlessly. It may be a personal benefit to you. Especial care was taken in the selection of our Spring Stock and we know it will bear your closest inspection. We ask at least a fair trial. Come see the goods, get the prices, and if not satisfactory don't buy.

We claim that for the quality of goods our prices are as low as at any other house in the county.

Our regular customers are well aware that we keep no shoddy goods of any kind that we pass off as genuine. What we recommend we are willing to guarantee, and such goods are always cheapest to the consumer. Their first cost is but a trifle greater but their durability two or three fold.

Our aim is to keep in stock all goods that are usually kept in general stores and a good assortment in each department. Should it however happen that we do not have what you may want we are always ready to order and have here in fourth-eight hours any article that is possible for us to obtain. If you do not see on the shelves the article you desire please make known your wants. We frequently have customers tell us that they went elsewhere to buy a certain article not knowing that we kept it.

Trusting that these few lines may be of mutual benefit we remain

Your friends,
WM. WOLF & SON.

A LONG SNOOZE.

Rip Van Winkle slept a good while, yet had his sleep occurred 50 years ago, when Downs' Elixir first attained its reputation, on awaking he would have been able to recognize this friend of the afflicted, and might have taken another 20 years' nap, and wakened up to find Downs' Elixir at the end of half a century the most popular and best cough remedy known. Also Baxter's Bitters for bilious diseases, not so old, but good. m.

Hengy Schoenhals, foreman of the Henry Krug Packing Co., St. Joseph, Mo., used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, etc. It is the best.

FIRE IN A KANSAS TOWN.

Larned, Kansas, May 11.—The Laclede hotel, Tabor and Bartoo's feed store, and Burrow's livery stable were destroyed by fire this morning and 22 horses perished. Loss, $15,000.

No other preparation so concentrates and combines blood-purifying, vitalizing, enriching and invigorating qualities as Ayer's Sarsapalilla. Quality should be considered when making comparisons.

Williamsport, May 1.—Yesterday afternoon three ladies while fishing along the river front drew to the shore a bag containing the dead body of an infant. Its mouth was open. From the position of the child it is supposed it was smothered. There were three large stones tied to the sack.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Sealed proposals will be received at the Commissioners' office up to June 1, for repairing the plastering and painting outside of the Court House, Belfry, Clock, Dial, etc. Specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' office. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GREIST,
G. W. RUMBERGER, J. C. HENDERSON,
Clerk. Commissioners.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT.

The venders of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Distillers, Brewers, Brokers, etc., in Centre county, will take notice that they are appraised and classed by the undersigned, appraiser of mercantile and other licence tax for the year 1885, as follows, to wit:

	Class.	Tax.
AARONSBURG.		
F O Hosterman, merchant	13	10 75
Thomas Yearick, druggist	14	7 75
W H Phillips, merchant	13	10 75
M M Musser, merchant	13	10 75
BOALSBURG.		
D C Gingerich, grain and coal	13	10 75
Thomas F Riley, merchant	14	7 75
J & J Stuart, merchant	14	7 75
George B Jack, merchant	14	7 75
N J Shaw, merchant	14	7 75
BLANCHARD.		
James A Quigley, merchant	13	10 75
A B Freeman, billiards		30 75
J I Kunes, merchant	13	10 75
W Singer & Co., merchant	14	7 75
BUFFALO RUN.		
H K Mattern, merchant	14	7 75
BELLEFONTE.		
J R Alexander, implements	11	15 75
Bunnell & Aikens, musical inst	14	7 75
E Brown, Jr & Co., grocery	13	10 75
G I Blackford, cigars & tobacco	14	7 75
C Strickland, grocery	14	7 75
J Brackbill's Sons, furniture	13	10 75
R B Spangler, furniture	14	7 75
V J Bauer & Co., grocery	14	7 75
S & A Loeb, merchants	9	25 75
Joseph Bros & Co, merchants	9	25 75
Montgomery & Co, mer. tailors	14	7 75
J Zeller & Son, drugs	13	10 75
Jas Harris & Co, hardware	11	15 75
A C Mingle, boots and shoes	14	7 75
J D Sourbeck, confectionery	14	7 75
C G McMillen, billiards		30 75
F P Blair, jeweler	14	7 75
Graham & Son, boots and shoes	14	7 75
J A Harper & Co, merchant	10	20 75
I Guggenheimer, leather, etc	13	10 75
D Garman & Son, Merchants	13	10 75
M A Kirk, drugs	14	7 75
Powers & Son, boots and shoes	14	7 75
W T Twitmeyer, stoves and tin	14	7 75
F S Meyers, confectionery	14	7 75
Valentines Store Co., Lim., merchants	10	20 75
A V Smith, grocery	14	7 75
McCalmont & Co, coal, seeds, ect	13	10 75
Sechler & Co, grocers	11	15 75
F P Green, drugs	13	10 75
H Y Stitzer, books, etc	14	7 75
John Meese, grocery	14	7 75
Samuel Lewin, clothing	13	10 75
Joseph Ceders, confectionery	14	7 75
John Harris, drugs	13	10 75
H K Kicks & Bro, hardware	9	25 75
Lyon & Co, merchants	9	25 75
P F Keichline, billiards		60 75
C U Hoffer & Co, merchants	12	25 75
Walter W Bayard, drugs	14	7 75
Wilson, McFarlane & Co, hardware	10	20 75
Harper & Weakley, grocers	13	10 75
W B Schaeffer, books, etc	14	7 75
Geo E Lewis, grocery	12	13 25
Louis Doll, boots and shoes	14	7 75
H C Weaver, tobacco, etc	14	7 75
W H Wilkinson, queensware	13	10 75
Ham Otto, tobacco, etc	14	7 75
F C Richards, jeweler	14	7 75
Williams & Bro, wall paper, etc	14	7 75
A J Cruse, tobacco and cigars	14	7 75
W R Teller, billiards		40 75
Berwin, White & Co, coal	13	10 75
L L Brown, grain and coal	11	15 75
Gordon & Landis, implements	14	7 75
Hicks & Buck, implements	14	7 75
J F Mann, merchant	14	7 75
Mrs. L Hass, brewer		25 75
Mrs. Maggie Beezer, Admx., do		25 75
P B Crider & Son, merchants	13	10 75
Harry Teats, grocer	14	7 75
Goldsmith Bros, merchants	13	10 75
Singer Mfg. Co, sewing machines	14	7 75
BENORE.		
Mattern & Gray, merchants	13	10 75
COBURN.		
Trumpfheller & Vonada, merchants	12	13 25
Samuel Greninger, merchant	13	10 75
F P Barker, confectionery	14	7 75
I J Grenoble, grain and coal	12	13 25
Whitmer & Lincoln, do	12	13 25
G W Stover, distiller		25 75
CENTRE HILL.		
Michael Strohm, merchant	14	7 75
CENTRE HALL.		
I J Grenoble, grain and coal	13	10 75
M A Dinges, merchant	14	7 75
Harper & Kreamer, merchants	13	10 75
J D Murray, drugs	14	7 75
Wm. Wolf & Son, merchants	12	13 75
FARMERS' MILLS.		
Dale & Co, merchants	14	7 75
FILMORE.		
E Hugg, merchant	14	7 75
FLEMING.		
Union Co-operative Co, Lim., merch'ts	14	7 75
A J & T E Griest, merchants	11	15 75
Wm Reside, merchant	11	15 75
FOWLER.		
McCalister & Frick, merchants	14	7 75
GUYER.		
M Smith, grocer	14	7 75
M Rider, merchant	14	7 75
HOUSERVILLE.		
E M Shuey, merchant	14	7 75
HOWARD.		
B Weber & Son, merchants	12	13 25
Jonathan Schenk, merchant	14	7 75
A A Schenk, stoves and tinware	14	7 75
B Lauth, merchant	13	10 75
Lucas & Bro, merchants	13	10 75
H A Moore, drugs	14	7 75
S F Kline, merchant	14	7 75
Robert Cook, merchant	14	7 75
James B Antes, merchant	14	7 75
A Allison, billiards		30 75
Geo W Counsil, do		30 75
HUBLERSBURG.		
S H Goodhart, merchant	13	10 75
Yearick Bros, merchants	14	7 75
H Brown, merchant	14	7 75
JULIAN.		
H S Sayre, merchant	14	7 75
D Irvin, merchant	14	7 75
George Stevens, merchant	14	7 75
John Parsons, grocer	14	7 75
LEMONT.		
D F Taylor, drugs	14	7 75
C A Everett, hardware	14	7 75
M J Cook, grocer	14	7 75
Wm Thompson, Jr. & Co, merchants	12	13 25
Brown, Mitchell & Co, grain and coal	14	7 75
J E Wasson, merchant	14	7 75
LINDEN HALL.		
Alexander & Keller, merchants	13	10 75
I J Grenoble, grain and coal	14	7 75
LOVEVILLE.		
Daniel Rhodes, merchant	14	7 75
MADISONBURG.		
Bartges & Bro, merchants	13	10 75
J Spigelmyer, agent, merchant	14	7 75
MILLHEIM.		
J Spigelmyer, agent, merchant	14	7 75
Musser & Smith, hardware	13	10 75
G A Harter, grocer	14	7 75
Jacob Eisenhuth, drugs	14	7 75
J W Snook, merchant	13	10 75
E C Campbell & Son, merchants	14	7 75
D S Kauffman & Co, do	11	15 75
MOSHANNON.		
J T Lucas, merchant	14	7 75
MILESBURG.		
T F Adams, merchant	13	10 75
A T Boggs, grocer	14	7 75
C H Else, drugs	14	7 75
John Hibler, merchant	14	7 75
Howe Mfg. Co, sewing machines	14	7 75
Mrs. Lucas & Son, grocers	14	7 75
E H Carr, implements	14	7 75
W B Miles & Sons	13	10 75
McCoy & Linn, merchants	13	10 75
NITTANY.		
S Peck & Son, merchants	14	7 75
Mrs. M E Holmes, do	13	10 75
PLEASANT GAP.		
G Haag, distiller		25 75
W H Noll, Jr & Bro, merchants	14	7 75
POTTERS MILLS.		
Thompson & Smith, merchants	14	7 75
Samuel Strong, merchant	14	7 75
PENN HALL.		
J B Fisher, merchant	13	10 75
PHILIPSBURG.		
W E Burchfield, merchant	14	7 75
Williamsport Oil Co, wholesale	12	13 25
E M Toner, furniture	14	7 75
Test Bros, drugs	14	7 75
Silas Reese, grocer	12	13 25
E A Ryman, grocer	14	7 75
John Russ, grocer	14	7 75
S D Smith & Co, confectionery	14	7 75
Sankey & Helmach, boots, etc	13	10 75
Stern, Brinton a Co, merchants	13	10 75
S Sprankle, Sons a Co, merchants	13	10 75
L J & K Switzer, stationery	13	10 75
J N Schoonver, boots and shoes	14	7 75
Stuart a Johnson, furniture	12	13 25
G W Naugle, jeweler	14	7 75
J Nutal a Co, merchants	10	20 75
Foster Nelson, billiards		50 75
John Peightal, furniture	14	7 75
G Lyon a Co, merchants	10	20 75
G E Parker, Ex., stationery, etc	14	7 75
H Lehman, merchant	10	20 75
Joseph Lehman, clothing	13	10 75
R F Moll, drugs	14	7 75
W H McCausland, jeweler	14	7 75
C A Munson a Son, merchants	9	25 75
A Jones, hardware	11	15 15
Kessler a Fryberger, merchants	9	25 75
M E George, drugs	14	7 75
Gray, Wolf a Co, merchants	7	40 75
J C Homer, grocer	14	7 75
G W Haworth, confectioner	14	7 75
C G Herlinger, clothing	11	15 75
J M Hale a Co, hardware	10	20 75
A W Harper, confectioner	14	7 75
S S Crissman, drugs	13	10 75
H Cunningham, implements	14	7 75
E A Davis a Son, jewelers	14	7 75
L M a S Carpenter, grocers	14	7 75
A R Feistel, jeweler	14	7 75
J H Boring, musical instruments	14	7 75
J F Barber a Co, stoves, etc	13	10 75
E F a W A Blower, grocers	14	7 75
Frank Weber, billiards		50 75
I N Troxell a Co, merchants	10	20 75
H O Hoffer, confectionery, etc	14	7 75
G W McOmber, do	14	7 75
T A Mayes, grocer	14	7 75
G W Wythes, grocer	12	13 25
T J Mayes, confectionery	14	7 75
T R Griffiths, grocer	14	7 75
John A McOmber, billiards		50 75
PINE GLENN.		
G R Boak, merchant	14	7 75
POWELTON.		
W J Jackson, merchant	11	15 75
PORT MATILDA.		
S S Miles, merchant	13	10 75
S R Pringle, do	14	7 75
A W Reed, do	14	7 75
Chaney & Thompson, merchants	13	10 75
PENNSYLVANIA FURNACE.		
A G Ewing, merchant	13	10 75
Centre Mining Co., Lim, merchants	13	10 75
PINE GROVE MILLS.		
J G Hess, grocer	14	7 75
H S Thompson, merchant	13	10 75
J I Ross, merchant	14	7 75
REBERSBURG.		
C C Loose, merchant	13	10 75
Royer a Frank, merchants	14	7 75
ROMOLA.		
Wm Robb, merchant	14	7 75
ROLAND.		
Curtin a Co, merchants	12	13 25
ROCK SPRINGS.		
J C Goheen a Bro, merchants	14	7 75
J C Goheen a Bro, merchants	14	7 75
SPRING MILLS.		
G R Spigelmyer, merchant	13	10 75
G A Runk, grain and coal	13	10 75
J D Long a Son, merchant	13	10 75
I J Grenoble, merchant	11	15 75
Wm Pealer, merchant	13	10 75
SNOW SHOE.		
Joseph Thompson, grocer	14	7 75
Jas B Antes, merchant	14	7 75
Hoover, Hughes a Co, merchants	12	13 25
E J Walker, billiards and pool		20 75
Augustus Rhue, grocer	14	7 75
Wm M Leather, flour and feed	14	7 75
Wm Grauer a Co, merchants	9	25 75
T B Budinger, grocer	14	7 75
R J Haynes, Jr, grocer	14	7 75
G R Boak a Co, merchants	10	20 75
Herbert Williams, confectioner	14	7 75
Sturat a Bro, merchants	13	10 75
Sommerville a Co, merchants	10	20 75
J S Ewing, drugs	14	7 75
SANDY RIDGE.		
W R Miller, merchant	9	25 75
STORMSTOWN.		
J H Griffin, merchant	14	7 75
R J P Gray, merchant	11	15 75
Juniata Mining Co, Lim	13	10 75
STATE COLLEGE.		
M D Snyder, merchant	14	7 75
J a J Sturat, do	13	10 75
TUSSEYVILLE.		
S-M Swartz, merchant	14	7 75
WOODWARD.		
C W Hosterman, merchant	13	10 75
N W Eby, distiller		25 75
WOLF'S STORE.		
J S Emerick, merchant	14	7 75
WALKER.		
H Yearick a Son, merchants	14	7 75
Mrs S E Miller, Merchant	14	7 75
WINGATE.		
B Snyder, merchant	14	7 75
ZION.		
S F Dorman, merchant	14	7 75
David Solt, do	14	7 75

Notice is hereby given to all concerned in the above appraisement that an appeal will be held in the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, on THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1885, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. when and where all persons can attend if they see proper.

D. L. ZERBE, Appraiser.

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Ladies who have long suffered from disorders common to their sex, and failed to obtain relief by the heroic old-school methods of knife, caustics and supports, should try the modern common sense methods of Dr. Foote, of 120 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. City, and follow the example of the lady who wrote Jan. 6, '83: "It is simply wonderful that after a miserable illness of nearly five years, in which time I exhausted the skill of four physicians, you should cure me in six months. I give you permision to print these lines in the hope that they may lead other sufferers to place their cases in your hands. Lock Box 50, White River Junction, Vermont."

SNOW STORM IN MAINE.

Bangor, Maine, May 3.—Fifteen inches of snow fell yesterday at Dixmont, 13 inches of snow fell at Dexter and 10 inches here.

"A HAPPY MAN."

"Give a man this taste (for good books), and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in consort with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters which have adorned humanity." So says Sir John Herschel, and being true, as it is, "happy men" ought to be on the increase. The advertisement of John B. Alden, Publisher, in this issue, is worth the attention of all lovers of good books.

MARRIED.

May 6, by Rev. A. A. Kerlin, Mr. Arthur E. Kerlin, of Spruce Creek, Huntingdon county, to Miss Ida Wagner, of near Centre Hall.

May 6, by Rev. J. DeLong, in Bellefonte, David P. Shamp, of Zion, and Miss Johanna M. Harshberger, of Hublersburg.

On April 27, by same, William Crawford and Miss Molissa Smith, both of Bellefonte.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the oldest established and largest NURSERIES in the U. S. Established 1846. Business easily learned. For terms, address W. & T. SMITH,
13m'y4t—c o w] Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

POTTER DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARD.—The directors of the Potter school district will meet at the Old Fort, Monday, June 1, at 8:30 o'clock a. m. to examine Treasurer's account and to attend to such other business as may present itself. Persons having bills to present should not fail to do so at that time. The Township Auditors will meet at 1 p. m. to examine the account, and the Directors elect to organize a new board. G. L. GOODHART,
W. A. KERR, Sec. 3t Pres't

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, there will be offered at public sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885, the real estate belonging to the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, consisting of two tracts, No. 1. being a Valuable farm situate about one mile west of Old Fort, on the Boalsburg road, bounded by lands of George M. Boal, Leonard Rhone, and others, containing 113 ACRES and 38 perches, neat measure, thereon erected a 2-Story Stone Dwelling House, Bank barn, all necessary outbuildings, good Orchard of fruit, and a well of never failing water and two good cisterns thereon.

No. 2, adjoining the above, bounded by lands of Lafayette Neff, Love's heirs, Jacob Wagner, George M. Boal, and others, containing 102 ACRES and 6 perches, neat measure, and thereon erected a 2-Story Frame Dwelling house. The land is all under good fences and in the highest state of cultivation. Of the above tracts about 200 acres are clear, and about 15 acres are good oak timberland.

The above will be sold in two tracts or as a whole, as may best suit purchasers and parties interested. Sale to begin at 2 p. m.

Terms—Ten per cent cash when the property is knocked off, ⅓ of balance on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. JOHN & MICHAEL SPICHER,
Ex'rs of Michael Spicher, Sr., deceased.

[From the Indianapolis Times.]

AN INTERESTING LETTER

From Mr. Harry W. Olmstead, Proofreader of the "Times."

The following letter is encouraging and worthy of careful perusal, coming as it does, from so reliable a source, unsolicited. It contains facts of great value:

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 12, '84.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—For ten years I have been a sufferer from disease of the kidneys, at times so much so as to make life a burden. During this time several of the best physicians in Indiana have treated me with little or no success, until I had almost despaired of relief. I then tried several advertised remedies, but nothing produced the desired result until a friend who had been relieved induced me to give DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY a trial. I did so. After taking one bottle I began to experience relief. I took another and was charmed with the result. In all I have taken four bottles, and can truly say I feel like a new man, as it has been several months since I took the last medicine, and there is no indication of a return of the disease. I have recommended your remedy to several suffering friends who have also been relieved. I write this to express my sincere thanks to you for the cure which has been affected in my case, and also desire to say that I think suffering humanity owes you a debt of gratitude for your wonderful scientific discovery. I shall do all that within me lies to let all sufferers know where they may find relief, and thereby in some measure remunerate you for the good you have done me.

Wishing you long life and prosperity, and thanking you for prolonging my life, I am,

HARRY W. OLMSTEAD.

Dr. Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the "Favorite Remedy" does invigorate the blood, cures liver, kidney and bladder complaints, as well as those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. Your druggist has it; if not, send $1 to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Appeals will be held for the several Townships and Boroughs, in the Commissioners' office, Bellefonte, as follows:

MONDAY, June 1—For the townships of Rush, Taylor, Worth, Huston, Union, and the boroughs of Philipsburg, Unionville and Milesburg.

TUESDAY, June 2—For the townships of Burnside, Snow Shoe, Boggs, Howard, Curtin, Liberty, Marion, Walker and Howard borough.

WEDNESDAY, June 3—For the townships of Miles, Haines, Penn, Gregg, Potter and Millheim borough.

THURSDAY, June 4—For the townships of Harris, College, Ferguson, Half Moon, Patton, Spring, Benner and Bellefonte borough.

Between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m.

The assessors are required to attend the appeal with the transcript. Four mills for county purposes.

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GREIST,
Attest: J. C. HENDERSON,
G. W. RUMBERGER, Clerk. Commissioners.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOGER.

PLASTER.—I am prepared to furnish farmers of Penns Valley with fresh Nova Scotia Plaster and tip-top Raw-Bone Phosphate, at lowest market rates.

22ap4t G. A. RUNK,
Spring Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Benjamin Bitner, deceased, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN W. DASHEM,
F. M. BERKHOLDER,
6may6t Admr's, Centre Hill.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of J. L. Spiro, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

29ap6t JAMES M. MILLER,
Administrator, Spring Mills.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this